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Bok of Vril

*An elemental, highly capacitated social scientific exploration of the
Aryan Weltanschauung, associative ritualistic needs, and various other
exuberant engagements, examinations, and explanations of "this thing of
Ours."*

14/88

AUTHORS INTRODUCTION

In my plight of self evolution through the dregs of coming to terms with, and inevitably embracing as a part of my own Natural composition, the elements of Aryanism, in its truest form, I've set out to construct a presentation of the sequence of theory upon which I've arrived. I am by no means seeking to distort the inflections, influences, and inspirations of many different viewpoints upon the subjects of Identitarianism, Nationalism, and Racism from whence I've come to develop my unique approach, nor am I attempting to claim that my personal evolution has arrived at some juncture of religiosity, philosophy, or belief never before conceived or founded. I have part and parcel garnered forth this nonauthoritative perspective upon the stimulus of an Aryan nuance that I may only say has been therapeutic, productive, and essential in its every jaunt through the manifest world of this existence to my own growth, embrace, and effulgence within the entirety of man that I know only as the flesh and blood.

My distinct attachment to physicalism, ritualism, and allegory should be evident, and quite intended, to any who'd hazard a perusal of these blasphemous entrails I've so joyously put forth. Altogether, I've adapted and adopted certain perspectives previously unassociated to the well documented practice of Aryanism, not via means of

alteration, but by the personal induction of expansion. Altogether, one may glimpse a certain pleasure in my slant upon what I've come to refer to as Aria-Vril that delivers more of a vehemence against Judeo-Schism, than an indulge-in-the-flesh sentiment. Of this, you'd not be wrong, yet still shortsighted.

The particularity of this work lies largely in personal evolution, thereby may seemingly wander away from the doctrinations of formal education upon the ages and eras of textbook Aryanism. My history, my experience, my induction into divisions between secular life and platitudes of the hereafter are all inclusive of modern day inflections and childhood entanglements in Judeo-Schism, therefore are a part of my evolutionary journey into the flesh and blood of Aria-Vril. One may question as to whether, or how, another may ascribe to Aryanism, a set of theories that the flesh and its pure pleasures are the way to eternal fulfillment and absolution, and yet seek so furtively to revolve almost endlessly about the ailments of Judeo-Schism, as opposed to the invigorating indulgences of Natural sex drives, unadulterated mating patterns, ancestral consistencies, ritual appreciation, and reinforcing Weltanschauung that the Aryan is so renowned for...

I would posit that the answer is not so clear cut as to be the ramblings of an aspiring edgelord stuck in the first phase of

rebellion, opposition, and blind hatred. I would further assert, as a more relative answer, that The Garden of today is quite different than The Garden of 307 B.C. Of those differences, aside from my own personal experience and history in a Judeo-Schism oriented mindset, are the large scale faith-based movements of today striving at every corner to erect steeple and spire in reverence of that which would at not a moments hesitation castrate and condemn the sinful ways of all who would seek a continued future existence through pleasures of the flesh and blood, Aryans themselves.

I would affirmatively argue that the Aryan plight of yesterdays need for resistance, has become todays Epicurean imperative of resistance AND survival. I would contend that striking down enemies from our doorsteps has become as equally dire a position to stand upon as partaking of the fleshly goodness of pleasure. I would confirm for the race of Aryans of which I am so familiar that the mind is just as significant an organism to indulge as the senses, and that not all who seek ye wonders of it are destined to find what lies within or beyond. I would even go so far as to conclude that the Aryans among us, the Aria-Vril itself, are far more skilled, cognizant of necessity, and attuned in the diverse arts of passion, destruction, and compassion for the Natural inclination of preservation all alike.

It is in defense against such short mindedness, evident in countless varieties within todays society, that I make a stand, and proclaim the way of their evil the way of my flesh and blood, the beliefs of their piousness the way of mental illness, and the way of their tactics the way of destruction and desecration to fleshly existence.

And so it is here that I proclaim the truest form of Aryan, and every evocation of the Aria-Vril borne thereof and therefrom, is in pursuit of the verdicts which Nature has placed upon the flesh and blood. The motive-force of existence itself, within the shell of our very Being, is uncovered in the revelations cast out of the decree that in order to know where we are going, must be understood from whenst we have come, and therein made forth flesh and blood as has been made before.

Let us make an Aryan of

Epicurus

ORIGINS

To those of us who have devoured periodic exposures to Aryanic enlightenment, often times unknowingly in our personal evolutions into the individuality of our own skin, the figure of Epicurus from which the Epicurean philosophy stems, is not quite as intriguing as the influences, inspirations, and linear developments arisen out of and beyond the system of a life's simple purpose he left behind.

In exploring the origins of Epicureanism one could saunter along the Platonic influences Epicurus found himself intrigued with at the age of 14, or the Aristotelean peers he rubbed elbows with later. It would be easy to gauge him upon those he studied under, Pamphilus the Platonist in Samos or Nausiphanes of Colophon who taught him about Democritus. One could examine the potential influences his military father turned teacher would've had upon him, or the occultic effects his mother rumored to be a priestess, fortune teller and exorcist may have left him with as he began to construct and define his philosophical worldview.

We could follow his journey from birth in 341 B.C. on the, at the time, Athenian settlement of Samos Island in the Aegean, to his two year stint in the military in Athens, before rejoining his family at the age of 20 in Colophon, a part of what is now Turkey they, being Athenians, had been expelled to after the death of Alexander the Great. We could measure the results of this man by the year he spent teaching in Mytilene, or by the troubles he encountered that caused his departure from there to Lampsacus, where he founded a school before returning to Athens four years later for the remainder of his life.

However, regurgitating the widely spread, but limited trevails of this mans life is not, nor was it ever the intention of this work. For many of us who've come across the Epicurean spirit and its rumblings throughout history since the times surrounding Alexander the Great and the great age of Greek philosophy, it's not so much the life of the man, as it is the works of the life. Perhaps, it is not meant to be so much the day to day of those we've come to gather our own personal life altering influences from that is the focus of our entanglements with studying and scouring those bodies of work left behind by them, but the bodies of work themselves resounding through the histories of men to be inferred upon which is found the greater meaning...

THEORY

We can presuppose from Epicurus' Letter to Menoeceus on ethics, and indeed a simple contextualization of his broader body of work, that he considered himself a less influential figure among students and friends, and thereby extension any who would consume his teachings, than the spirit of those teachings themselves.

“Accustom thyself also in the thought that death is nothing for us, since every good and evil lie in sensation and that death is deprivation of sensation. Hence a correct understanding that death is nothing for us has the effect of allowing us to enjoy the lethal nature of life, because that knowledge, instead of being assigned a time problématique, deprives us sorry to immortality.”

It would be only fair to carry on the tradition of the meaning of things being held in higher regards than the one who may have uttered them into being.

It is also fair to associate a trend of lessening in the significance of life and death, as it pertains to how it is being lived or traversed, and in effect wrought perishable by the limitation of the organism, to a more important component in

the effects resultant of any one embrace upon the breathing existence of the human organism, and its willed persistence within the confines of life. In so positioning the worth of the Epicurean spirit realized within the Aria-Vril of the Aryan, one is forced to contend the sometimes rocky slopes of contradistinction and alternative hegemony within an array of how vs result, of means and methodology vs effect and derivative. As matters of how and what are eternally bound to the moments within which they may be enacted and manifested, i.e. life, they are thus perishable, and given less credence in the limitations of their containment as causes, than the results of which they come to proffer effect, although bound to the same living principles.

What is more valuable, the action that causes a favorable result, or the reward of basking in a result favorable upon having engaged an action?

“Thus, the most terrifying of evils, death is nothing for us, precisely because, when we exist, death is not present and, when death is present, then we do not exist. It is neither for the living nor for those who died, precisely because it is not for the former and the latter are not.”

Epicurus clearly recognized, and resolutely espoused, the fact that life was life was life, an insignificant occurrence within the realm of existence that was inevitably to face perishability, and thereby would pass only as a matter of what it will have resulted in and been an effect to. It would be uncouth of us, centuries later, to place focus upon the influences that have come to pass from this mans mind upon the storylines of his life as they were presumed by others, or possibly, yet possibly not, effected into formation by whatever series of events he was known to have seen and been a minor particulate of. In such a way, the politics, religiosities, and altogether cultures of the day were as interchangeable then as they are today. Simply matters of inconsequential significance to the compass of a pleasurable existence, while existent, that he sent forth beyond the repartee of his own fleshly indulgence.

"All our actions are intended to remove from us the pain and
fear"

"It is sweeter to give than to receive"

RESPONSIBILITY

Upon the topic of responsibility, or what I have taken the liberty of equating to moderation, and by relation vanity, there is much to be unpacked. In consideration of Aryan existence, between every living organism as individual and unto its own making, it is not a far cry to impose subjugating measures upon the topic of moderation as a different accord for each person and thereby race. What one considers a life of moderation, in conjunction with desired needs, wants, and affordabilities, another may consider as excessive, or fruitless, when it comes to living within means for pleasures sake. But, what is pleasures sake, except for the continued prosperity, preservation, and future of the individual and the race? Due to such discrepancies in capacity, capability, and affordance, the limitations connoted in the term moderation are somewhat flexible and fluctuating. In self determining the golden means of moderation, accountability in terms of responsibility is an individual and isolated function.

“Of the desires, some are natural and necessary, others
natural and unnecessary, and others neither natural nor
necessary, but the effect of opinions hollow”

The significance emplaced upon indulging in pleasure throughout Epicurus' works is just as significantly accompanied with the concept of moderation, of making

due, of not exceeding degrees of goodness, as it were. In such regards, it is not nearly as distant a jaunt to land amidst the incredible importance of responsibility. Epicurus, having designated three types of pleasure, acknowledges that not all pleasure is good pleasure, that indeed some varieties of consumption by men seeking pleasure are absolutely capable of resulting in quite the opposite effect. Of this we can affirmatively gather that compulsion is the opposite of moderation. Only, our teacher of the flesh would go so far as to assert that excessive work, vanity, and doing for increased personal gain may be contradistinctive to the way of least resistance he's found taking as the best modicum of pleasurable existence. Of this, I have some thoughts.

MODERATION

"Being happy is knowing how to be content with little"

We cannot assume that what is enough for one man is enough for another, nor are we to honestly believe that a pleasure sought via working hard to increase gain is contra to responsible indulgence in the alleviation of pain. We live in times of a modern day rote requiring work for pleasure, or in the instances of the true Aryan, pleasurable work for pleasures sake, i.e. affordability to support the continuation

of the folk, faith, and family. And, therein lies the rub. It is not an opposition to personal gain, hard work, and a high active life that Epicurus has denounced, just as the Aryan shall not. It is a life of such that one hates, loathes, and despises living under the illusion that they must, that he rids from our rotten souls. There are countless humans scattered all across the world that enjoy being flooded with an infinite amount of unfinished projects, whose time is at its peak when they are working three jobs for two companies while trying to publish the next big article on moderating time and effort in order to maximize output. These devils in disguise are not oppositional forces to the life of basic luxury and indulgence our old friend Epicurus was telling us about. They are but adopters of the Natural born qualities to enjoy the survival, thrive on the existence, and triumph over the pain that he so eloquently put forth.

We can all be happy with less, but who doesn't want to be happy with more, and of course who doesn't want to found the present upon the provisions of the future?

EGO, VANITY, LIMITATION AND ISOLATION

There is still much to uncover upon the topics of responsibility and moderation, and by extension ego, vanity, limitation and isolation by way of what essentially boils down to a total environment, whose place of comfort as it would be

is safeguarded against impeding forces and chaotic disruptions to the pleasure palace of our flesh and blood. Clear aversions to politics, religion, and excessive compulsions that are the true meat of the matter within Epicurus' doctrines may be altogether composited into a recipe for the selective issuance of ones time, of involvement with others, of dedication to causes, of exposures of ourselves to the world at large. It is not difficult for the occasional scholar to blindly glance upon the Epicurean design and see the life of a leper, of a eunuch, or of a suppressed individual who commits to operating under a false desire to neglect themselves within the circumspect realities of living existence.

“It is not possible to live pleasantly without living prudently and honorably and justly, [nor again to live a life of prudence, honor, and Justice] without living pleasantly. And the man who does not possess the pleasant life, is not living prudently and honorably and justly, [and the man who does not possess the virtuous life], cannot possibly live pleasantly.”

“Some men wished to become famous and conspicuous, thinking that they would thus win for themselves safety from other men. Wherefore if the life of such men is safe, they have obtained the good which nature craves; but if it is not

safe, they do not possess that for which they strove at first
by the instinct of nature.”

We cannot ascribe such limitations to methods which have been proffered forth without discernible measures. Balance, which is quite a firm resolve to deciphering any indeterminate aspects of Aryanism, is the measure with which each folk, arisen to self interest and desired enhancement in some portion of life, must regard their own applied limitations in order to encapsulate that which brings them joy and staves off displeasure. That is to say, just as ones moderation may not be measured the same as anothers, so is the same resolution attainable in application to vanity, prudence, or any other variety of limitation in the self determined excesses of what is goodness, and beyond what point is not.

THEISM AND NATURE

One will find many intersecting morsels in examining Epicurus' methodology to approaching Aryanism, the existence of gods, the afterlife, and the soul in general as it traverses all of these terrains. We find that he ascribes relevancy to, not the existence of gods, but the existence of mans idea of them, of humanic prescription in their qualities, characteristics and traits. Of this, we are to easily surmise

that the existence of gods beyond man are quite contrarily not beyond man, and are infact a concoction of the mind and a manufacturing of belief.

“First of all, believe that a god is an incorruptible and happy being, even as the common notion of a god is implanted in the minds of men. But attach to your theology nothing which is inconsistent with incorruptibility or with happiness, and believe that a god possesses everything which is necessary to preserve its own nature. Indeed the gods do exist, and Nature gives to us a degree of knowledge of them. But gods are not of the character which most people attribute to them, and the conception of the gods held by most people is far from pure. It is not the man who discards the gods believed in by the many who is impious, but he who applies to the gods the false opinions that most people entertain about them. For the assertions of most people about the gods are not true intuitions given to them by Nature, but false opinions of their own, such as the idea that gods send misfortune to the wicked and blessings to the good. False opinions such as these arise because men think of the gods as if they had human qualities, and men do not understand that the gods have virtues that are different from their own.”

We can glimpse a portrayal of gods, believed to be in actuality an image contrary to that which man would prescribe them, and yet a quandary in that only what man prescribes them are they actually. The gods claimed to exist, are thereby simply the images man possess of them, and in turn ascribes to their being, often in juxtaposition to what they've been handed down through the generations to be. If it is only by the Nature of man, to which the gods are to be cast, then it is by that very Nature that they are to exist at all. Of what the many have presumed the gods of their own making to be, in severed regards to that of which they themselves are Naturally, then it is viably an illusion of self deceit, fraudulent piousness, and fallible insincerity upon which they exist.

In the Letter to Pythocles, while Epicurus is speaking much ado about the celestial Natures of shifting seasons and weather, we may see a bit of indulgence therein amidst Nature and gods upon the relationship between modicums of the simple life and animals. It is not difficult to glean a certain appreciation for the life of simplicity that animals dwell in, nor the attunement with Nature they undoubtedly possess. As such feats are quite aligned with the realm of painless comfort our guide into the flesh and blood seeks to make possible, in which may not be as far fetched in the particular correspondences between animal life and the most ideal human existence, we cannot discard the

plausibility that as a making of mans ascription unto the gods, might this alignment between higher man and animal and Nature be exactly the recipe to prescribe unto the gods of man.

“Further, the forecasts some give based on the conduct of certain animals arise from a fortuitous combination of circumstances; for there is no necessary connection between certain animals and winter. These animals do not produce winter; nor is there any divine being sitting aloft watching the exits of these animals, and then fulfilling signs of this kind. No folly such as this would occur to any being who is even moderately comfortable, much less to a god who is possessed of perfect happiness.”

POLITICS AND JUSTICE

As it pertains to a way of life, which is centered upon a standard of pleasure and comfort in alleviation of pain, politics will have become a subject of which we may come to common grounds in the assertion that to engage and pander upon is but a temporary departure. The conflict, competing viewpoints, and impeding forces generated upon the Aryan existence by provenance of politics and the plight to determine universal justness, and unjustness alike, are but a

clear dissent from the abode of measured happiness and survival the Aria-Vril finds home. That is to say that politics and applied accords in what is good and required behavior for all is not to be confused with, or convoluted by pursuits in statehood, law and order, or individual preferences, nor vice versa. Of course, the measures and limitations of the Aryans joys are but singular and isolated unto him, and so thus are potential of infinite recourses in exercise.

“In its general aspect justice is the same for all, for it is a kind of mutual advantage in the dealings of men with one another: but with reference to the individual peculiarities of a country or any other circumstances the same thing does not turn out to be just for all.”

“Among actions which are sanctioned as just by law, that which is proved on examination to be of advantage in the requirements of men’s dealings with one another, has the guarantee of justice, whether it is the same for all or not. But if a man makes a law and it does not turn out to lead to advantage in men’s dealings with each other, then it no longer has the essential nature of justice. And even if the advantage in the matter of justice shifts from one side to the other, but for a while accords with the general concept, it is nonetheless just for that period in the eyes of those who do

not confound themselves with empty sounds but look to the actual facts.”

“Where, provided the circumstances have not been altered, actions which were considered just, have been shown not to accord with the general concept in actual practice, then they are not just. But where, when circumstances have changed, the same actions which were sanctioned as just no longer lead to advantage, there they were just at the time when they were of advantage for the dealings of fellow-citizens with one another, but subsequently they are no longer just, when no longer of advantage.”

There lies a fine line between indulging in pleasurable activities and stifling another's comfort zone, when it comes to politics and applied justice.

HEDONISM

Everything of an Epicurean concentration, whether from Epicurus himself, or developed in light of his consecrational workings by another of the same pursuits, revolves around two components with equal results. Bodily and mental pleasures equal happiness. It's that simple. Whether we're talking in regards of responsibility, vanity, ego, individualism, religion or Natural Selection, whether in regards to ethics or

justice, friends or psychology, when it comes to Epicureanism and Aryanism alike, we are not only in direct pursuit and accomplishment of bodily and mental pleasure, health, and comfort, but are also bound by the common denominators of striving upon the very things we're after to inturn obtain. The resolve is the cause is the effect is the result, no matter how one spins it.

In so achieving these two essential components of Epicureanism and Aryanism, it is anxiety and stress, emotional ailments and struggles that are discarded and replaced, by not only the small comforts of mental and emotional exercise, but also the physical embraces of continued fleshly existence through that which leads to a most ideal procreation. To not do harm which results in pain to self, to not avoid moments of release from the constraints of commonness, and to self determine the degrees of pleasure that abide by mental and bodily increase, in distinct disregard of the pain in suppression, fear, conformity and worry, cannot be argued as evil, immoral, nor unjust, so long as it is in adherence to the Natural Law of reciprocity.

“The limit of quantity in pleasures is the removal of all that is painful. Wherever pleasure is present, as long as it is there, there is neither pain of body nor of mind, nor of both at once.”

It would not be unheard of for a common novice of philosophy to proclaim from atop the Mount Olympus of their mind that sexual pleasures, Tribalism, moderate indulgences and even manageable luxuries were the very excesses our dear Epicurus preached against. We here would contend, in consideration of the reality that times have changed, expanded, and evolved from the 3rd Century, along with the adoption of a survival imperative within the Aryan dynamic of the day, that such elements of pleasure for which we've often come to desire and indulge in upon Nature-ordained preference, are not only means of increase to a more enjoyable and painless life, but have evolved into a measure of continued species existence. Atop our own Mount, we would hereby proclaim louder that limitation, measure, and degree of befitting pleasure leading to earthly success were the philosophers statement, not the content with which to fill them, or not.

“No pleasure is a bad thing in itself: but the means which produce some pleasures bring with them disturbances many times greater than the pleasures.”

“If every pleasure could be intensified so that it lasted and influenced the whole organism or the most essential parts of our nature, pleasures would never differ from one another.”

SCALING EPICENTRE

From the epicentre of Epicureanism we could scale out into the friends, pupils, and staunch critics of Epicurus and his way of life. We could wander along the terrain of mathematics and eventually anti-mathematics along with anti-authoritarianism espoused by one of Epicurus’ first friends, Polyaenus of Lampsacus, in the period he opened The Garden, his school of Epicureanism. Or, Metrodorus of Lampsacus, who as another of Epicurus’ close friends and fellow philosophers of The Garden, would’ve inevitably taken the throne of the Epicurean school of design were he to outlive Epicurus himself. From there we could peruse the often tumultuous array of pupils arisen out of sometimes brief periods, sometimes it would seem lifetimes, of fellowship amongst the Epicureans, such as Timocrates of Lampsacus, who in the end could not accept that the goodness of pleasure was the whole of happiness. We could not neglect, were we to truly dive into all of the students of The Garden, those who brought wives, husbands, and eventually fostered children whose names had been given in respect to elder followers of Epicurus, if not the mage

himself, such as Leonteus and wife Themista of Lampsacus. Nary would we be able to simply gloss over Hermarchus, who would become the second leader of the Epicurean school founded by Epicurus, and whose works are largely, almost entirely, of contrarian efforts against Platonic and Aristotelean influences, of which some may say thereby Socratic influences as well.

And, that all in the same century it was created, for there is much more as the philosophy of simple pleasures crested through the 4th Century before expanding beyond. But that, my dear reader, is not the scope of this work.

We could rather, as is the inclination herein, forego the trevails and workings of those who fostered into being this form of philosophying, and leave their lives to having been lived as they were, thereby instead beginning a trek through centuries of practical applications in the theory they cemented. Practices of Epicureanism that were largely and moreso left unattributed to being unassociated influences, that arose in distinct likeness, yet far from the doctrines of Epicureanism, brought into a diverse array of partaking of principle, instead of further cementing dogmatic consecration...

EXEMPLARS

On our list of unknowing practitioners we have the likes of the Dutch painter Johannes Vermeer who didn't become famous for his artwork comprised largely of domestic scenery until after his death in 1675. Even then, Vermeer would live and die a life of obscurity, wherein his paintings were never popular, and wouldn't become prized as being done by a master until centuries later. He can be accredited to living a life exposing beauty in simple domestic scenes that wrought him no money, no fame, no prestige during his affair with this fancy. A true image of an unintended Epicurean, unbeknownst to even himself.

Scaling out from the Epicurean spirit founded by the school in The Garden, we can easily place German born Johann Sebastian Bach among the list of those who exhibited for following generations the ambiance of a life lived in beauty. While his travails amidst men, family, and love might be full of pain, his creations left to the world upon his passing in 1750 have become renowned of their pleasure inducing array. While in life, was he only recognized as an organist, it wouldn't be until nearly a century after his death that his skill as a composer would be brought to life.

One firm within the embrace of Epicurean consumption could even go so far as to appreciate in such regards the likes of author Henry David Thoreau, who although finding joy in the moderate topics of politics of a certain

unconventional kind, exemplified a glimpse of the simple pleasures sought in Epicureanism with his semi successful work *Walden*. He would not rise to the degree of classic popularity we recognize today until 30 years after his death in 1862, yet within his legacy we can see a man seeking to distance himself from the rigmarole of the day, whose ideas of pleasure and an ideal life were cemented in a place far from the norm, a place of self imposed isolation within a realm of necessity.

One would not be too far from accurate to observe that some of the most recognizable Epicureans to have ever slunked across this earth were indeed unassuming, not only in the moderations of a simple life they harnessed through their works, but also in the influences of such they left behind to inspire future generations. Another such exemplar can be seen in our friend Austrian-born Gregor Mendel, who became slowly recognized by his scientific peers after his death in 1884 as a key founder of the principles that to this day are significant cornerstones in the theories of biology and eugenics. One of the most extraordinarily recognizable exhibitions of Mendel's Epicureanism is that he lived out the last 20 years of his life as a school abbot refining the experiments that would prove his scientific models in the monastery's garden.

Of course we cannot neglect the Epicurean flame from which arose author Herman Melville, who enjoyed more success during his life from being a customs inspector on the docks than the writings nary a one of us have never heard of. That is financial success, for the inspiring spark which produced such nautical classics as *Moby Dick*, could be attributed to nothing but the successes of joy in bringing to light an incredible talent, full of sound and telling revelations, and fruitful composites of certain illuminative reason and logic. It wasn't until over 30 years after his death in 1891, that the 1920's would revive his, at the time out of print masterpieces, to become remnants of an Epicurean that less than a century later, no first-rate educational system lacks.

While there are countless examples living Epicureanism breathing forth throughout the histories of mankind who will never have become notoriety laden, and who regardless of not being recognized for their alignment to the philosophies of a most pleasurable existence, will have accomplished the very purpose of life exposed by Epicurus and all of his excursions into human Nature. Vivian Maier, a nanny by trade for most of her life, who while having grown destitute in her later years, exhibited a passion for photography on the streets of Chicago, is another prime example of the Epicurean spirit alive and well. She wound up being cared for by her children, was but a passing stranger with a

Rolleiflex camera when not caring for her charges, ended up producing some 30,000 prints and negatives from her time of delight behind the lens that weren't uncovered until 2007, 2 years before her death. Her hobby has now spurned forth this secret flare via exhibitions of her work all over the world.

These are all prime examples of what have now become living organisms that surpassed life in a manner that only after death could be born of the Epicurean plight, whether from elements with which they directly lived their lives, or via the productions of extraordinary works that assume a sort of centrifugally imposed exertion of the particular influences, inspirations, and enlivening sensations that Epicureanism represents. We could spend countless time and resources on exploring every known attribute of the Epicurean spirit in infinite amounts of people, both known and unknown, prior to Epicurus and after his establishment, while living and dead, but as I've said, that is not the scope. The people are not, nor have ever been as significantly influential as the morsels of a simple life lived in enjoyment doing things that dispelled all of the worlds potential pain. And so it is the meaning, not the content, the result, not the making, the emanations, not the sources which will forever cement the realities obtainable of which our Philosophers Stone of the fleshly life will have cemented.

REVELATION

My brief exploration of Epicureanism here is not in assertion that Aryanism is dependent, or even majoritively accepting of the subject. Contrarily, our journey begins in the common denominator of the flesh and blood, of the real life being and his place within this multitude of diversions that is earthly existence. The point is to illuminate the juncture between Weltanschauung and physical being, in that whether indulging in Epicureanism or Aryanism, the foundational relativities lie within the folds of presence and matter, from which all else is derived into either shared or opposing belief system and structure.

Where Epicureanism proposes pleasure as the means to alleviating pain, and moderation as a method of securing a pleasing condition, there also does Aryanism assert the pleasures of the flesh and blood as a reward for the Natural pursuit of procreation, and consistency between mates as the surest means to alleviating ailments wrought of incompatible breeding.

The difference between Epicureanism and Aryanism is explicit purpose of seeking their respective means of attaining pleasure and rebuking pain, in that Epicureanism neglects to glimpse beyond the veil of sole condition, where Aryanism seeks upon secular condition in order to produce forth beyond the veil of individual existence in singular life.

Because we can see the affluences arisen out of the organism of Epicureanism, even and often especially unintendedly beyond the veil of life from which its spirit breathed forth, we should also be able to grasp the exact same effect sought in Aryanism, but with conscious inspiration to create and produce a most worthy remnant to last beyond the veil of singular life into future generations of flesh and blood.

À suivre...

Excerpts from an Aryan
Weltanschauung

Ethnographic Limitation, Natural Law, Fundamental Condition, and Secular Distinction

Racial resolution lies in two parts: A) Equal rights, and B) Separation. Cultural distinction, genetic traits, ancestral regionalism, and adhesive governing bodies are proponents of strategically maintaining these two factors. Commerce is the only acceptable bridge.

Separation between cultures affords an immediate resolve to conflicts arising from sentiments of superiority, supercession, hegemonic elements of self endowment, and overreaching promulgation. Generational fortitude of culture is the result.

Where lies difference, resides contention. Morality of the sort which presides over best interests with less than the survival of a species, group, and individual altogether in one hand, and their happiness in the other, is but nary good, nor imperative.

Inferiority is measured and manufactured by ones self subjection to incompatible, inapplicable forces. Elements integrated into conflicting combination with irreconcilable difference, is concisely adulteration. The most furtive and resolute example of inferiority derived of adulteration resides within the socially presumed dynamics between male and

female, which falsely asserts there to be some malleable component of Natural Law as it pertains to gender. From the perilous jaunt down the path of conceptually unreconciled cognition to gender dynamics as they are lies the emasculation of a nation, tribe, peoples, and culture, of which can only and explicitly be drawn the seeds of destruction upon which all else seeks to be founded. Atop barren and defiled soils may solely be established the rottenness and desolation, which wroughts forth suffering and anti-survivability in the guise of moral law and countenance unto defiance of Natural Law.

Ideally, the only beneficial, sustainable form of out-group interaction is centered upon commerce. The exchange of goods is a necessary crucible of in-group sustainability, for which all warring facets of human history have either been in contention to, or dependant upon.

The efforts of a race whose peoples are united in Ideological Subversion, are: 1) Active practitioners of Communistic causes, 2) Derived of systemic adversarialism, 3) Bound by a common sense of morality, 4) Hypocritical of in-group expectations versus out-group expectations.

Any foreign theistic, faith-based system of belief results in: 1) In-group vs out-group hypocrisy, 2) Guilt/fear-based morality, 3) Hegemonic dependency within incompatible

political systems, 4) Presumed distinction, 5) Superfluous expectancy, 6) Deviant justification, 7) Limitation. Spirituality, at the core of its various attempted conduits, is simply an obfuscation of the Psychology of the Present. Amidst varying degrees of Presence are departures into the realm of spirituality expected.

There is a common thread in every people: 1) Survival, 2) Happiness/Moderation. Globalization, forced integration, competing polities, Ideological Subversion, systemic duality, and out-group oppression are all threats to these two imperatives, whether from within or without.

One's place within the conglomerate of cluttered cultures, politics, peoples, and belief systems that make up the free world of equality is most resolutely within the folds of studying, not worshipping, the basis upon which they are different, distinct, and independent of them.

Forgetfulness of past orthodoxy is the scourge of modern society. Immersed in decentralized morality, non-existent equality, fragmented politics, global economy, self-loathing ethics, and adulterative virtue, modern man is doomed to the perils of the past, lest he surrender.

Good for one group, from another, are morals. Good for slave, from master, are ethics. Good for followers, from faith,

are virtues. Good for popular convention, from moral, ethic, and virtue, are forced integration, guilt-ridden obeisance, and assimilative madness. The construct is always more telling than the content. Too often the dilemma arises upon the very same edicts it demands. The revisive contortion of compulsory psychogens amidst the unbending refuge of reason is absolutely proportionally destitute.

The combining of two completely different elements, compounds, or substances will indeed create a third, but never will it increase their condition, for in order to create the third, each will have to in fact forego a decrease of their natural state.

Wherein lies the urge of survival, therein resides demand for best interest, benefit, and cause of self, family, group, and humanity. Separation between groups of humanity and whole of humanity is the greatest measure of survival. Group preservation depends on its continuation.

The intricacies between races of mankind is akin to the natural differentiation between species of the animal kingdom. To forsake them for integrative forces is to forsake the naturally selected, genetically evolved measures of survival that every species has developed.

When external constructs for the whole supercede in significance internal need of individuals for catharsis against alternative systems, species, ideologies, and processes, both the structure and individual are doomed to crumble upon the ruins of infected foundations. Controversially, in regards to systemic adulteration;

America: Right, Left, and *Fed* - Per demonstrable hegemonic "thwartation", are equally endowed of national "energy".

Dilemma: America, the two-part (note: not three-part) government, on paper.

-Ideological Subversion/ Active Measures-

- 1) Demoralization
- 2) Destabilization
- 3) Crisis
- 4) Normalization

*The four known stages of evolutionary strategy for the diversion, infiltration, and disintegration of morale-based systems.

The "missing portions" of humanity are due in large part, if not completely, to the systemic deconcentration of selective

survival elements, which inturn the embrace of the excesses of humanity in their place, becomes the very source of defilement masquerading as curative charade.

Statistical indicators of racial, cultural, socio-economical-politico difference: 1) Birth rate-age, perennial household, supplemental dependency, 2) Aggression levels, crime, in-group violence, 3) Addiction, disease, immunization, 4) Sentiment, disparity, productivity, morality.

To preserve the obligation of women to their genetically resolute counterparts is to ensure their children's resolve amidst the assimilative forces of adulterative socio-economical-politico decreases that seek to destroy entire stages of evolution by socio-eugenic infiltration.

Evolutionary strategy is dependent on not only secular conditions of racial, cultural, and naturally selected preservations, but also on maintained in-group/out-group gender biases, which have been developed to further promote the survival of every peoples, in respective regards.

Political mechanisms, to which morality, assimilation, and sympathy are deliberate ends, counterproduce against the resolute evolutionary strategies and natural selections that

each race, species, and peoples have developed in order to survive elements of migration and expansion.

Natural imperatives: Survival and happiness/moderation.

Arbitrary imperatives: Slavery/oppression and gold/value of exchange.

Juxtaposed, these two sets of historical imperative are demonstrable of the realities any morality-based worldview is constructed to metaphorize.

Women are both the resolve and susceptibility of a people. To corrupt the women of any race, culture, or custom is to effectively distort and deter the evolutionary strategy of its people by altering the genetical breeding patterns which have settled its continued existence. The morality clauses of any cause are evidence of the significance endowed to women of the species, in either reaffirmation and reinforcement, or contradistinction to validity in effort to thwart, condemn, and/or defile such via the induction of counter motives made sensorially false to adhere to social constraints. The survival, or suicide, of a nation, peoples, custom, and race, that is its adherence to, or departure from, Natural Law, is situated upon the shoulders of its women, and so only by polluting the women may the men of the same become frail and frigid under the social distortions to

which their women have fallen. Weak women create weak men create weaker women... Failure, just as success, of any group bound by Natural Law is inevitably strewn upon its future generations by its women, who have essentially been failed, or upheld, by its men, who having resorted to, or abandoned, Natural Law, shall reign, or suffer, under the dispositions of its women's resolve to attempts at social dissolutionment and disparity.

Morality is an instrument of social institution, generated to combat biases which have historically served to ensure the existence, survival, and preservation of cultural distinguishment, racial singularity, and natural selection.

The measures of attraction set by one peoples upon another is an extension of morality, and therein seeks to serve against survival strategies. Integration is its intent, misguided compassion its resolve, and socio-eugenic assimilation its end result.

Contaminants of a peoples Constitution: 1) globalization, 2) forced integration, 3) multiculturalist oriented politics, 4) bipartisanship, 5) excessive import, 6) anti-natalism, 7) forgetfulness of past orthodoxy, 8) strict central currency, 9) divisive jurisdictions, 11) lenient immigration.

Bipartisanship is a failure of government rule. It is divisive amongst the people over whom a Constitution is established. A peoples voice that is negated by competing governance is but a voice left unheard.

The fragmentation of a people under a Constitution is indeed remnant of a fractured rule, for under a governance serving multiple incorporations, has an authority been effectively and efficiently dissuaded of its power. The succession of one or more [from 50] states individually is much more susceptible to reactionary efforts to quash decrease of territory, than the succession of one state comprised of an ideologically expanded territory [of multiple into one].

Consolidation, then succession.

Slaves value options; masters value results. The slew of methods and means via which results are achieved is the vehicle within which masters maintain control over slaves. Slaves will never decide results, only ways to take in achieving them. Results belong to masters.

Economies situated/centered upon fiat for stores of value have never, in the histories of all civilizations, been able to uphold and maintain a position of supremacy, regardless of industries, commerce, or any other form of trade translated from.

The Power of Complaint has never before had as influential a detriment upon a nation, state, and/or peoples as it has in becoming an entire polity adopted engine of false, deterministic-defeating morality based infection for the US during the sixties and onward.

Globalism is simply the theory of universalism applied to economics and polity.

Universalism, at its core, is functionally the breaking down of natural boundaries, limitations, and extents to which a group of peoples can operate in success of laws that determine its survival, fruition, happiness, and longevity.

A group who has abandoned its own Natural Laws of survival and prosperity for universalism is effectively doing so out of compulsion to disrupt, corrupt, and dissuade other groups who have not forsaken such imperatives.

Self hatred is a social neurotoxin that has drained the survival driving, self determination out of entire generations of European dependents, across many countries. But, none so furtively as those of the United States, circa 1930's and beyond.

Spirituality is, and has always been in every example possible throughout the histories of mankind, the derivative of peoples who have found themselves deficient, ineffective, and at odds with the Natural Laws such faith-based sermons of morality are contrived to be metaphors of.

The only productive form of distribution of wealth lies in the microcosm of an individual's diversification of his own private property.

When survival is conflated with morality, both suffer. Morality, being an instrument of obfuscation to the survival instinct, wrought suffering by its very nature. Survival, being an ingrained imperative of Natural Law, combats moral necessity upon suffrage. If Demoralization teaches us one thing it's that the direct link between race and culture and breeding patterns is capable of being isolated, targeted, and distinguished. (There is no better trio to establish the survival versus morality clause than these three indicators)

Aesthetics of a people and its culture are rooted in physiology, to which development of customs are attributed. The core of customs retained lie in survival instincts of its people. Conflation of customs upon morality-based diversions serve in contradistinction to its survival.

One of the greatest machinations of any cause is the ability of access and distribution of its message. An even greater measure of any cause is in censorship of alternative, competing, and opposing plight, via controlling the machinations of informational distribution.

A cause, plight, or movement which seeks to control the ability of access and distribution of information of its rivals, has effectively forsaken the very measures of accessible distribution.

From censorship comes a dichotomy of two competing recourses: 1) a fear-based system arises to patrol and maintain, and 2) an evolving avoidance technique develops to depose any points of resistance.

A movement saturated upon recoil from Natural Law shall 1) practice outspoken disparity in the face of resolute alternatives, and/or 2) practice techniques of mass avoidance in the face of a lesser deemed resistance.

Underdog vs victim is increasingly apparent in shifting power struggles of hegemonic design when succession occurs. Victim fails to retrace features of lesser disposition against opposition once opposition ceases to reign, thereby instilling lesser foundational elements to power.

Alienation under the guise of moral high ground; What righteousness the shortsighted possess! Morality depends on adversities that are developed to further serve against Natural Law. It is the faux-resolve to the problem it requires, and inturn thereby establishes continuity of.

Opinions only hold [lawful] power when they are in the form of a complaint, for the power to change must be proffered forth upon one of two initiatives: 1) sociogenic victimhood, or 2) unlawful resurgence.

Abandoning traditional gender roles explicitly intends to destabilize society by eroding the household; that it corrupts the neighborhood; that the city degrades upon the influences derived thereof; that the state envelopes itself in misplaced efforts to breed equality.

The difference between creation and observation is the very same difference between capitalism and communism.

Evidence of societies digging in preparation of hard times, and/or amidst hard times themselves, is both plentiful and significant. Almost as telling as instances of honor, ritual, and explorative digging. Underground destinations for safety and security are codified by peril. Example deserving re-examination of priorities: Musk seeks space, digging company entendre'd as lackluster in comparison. Space

travel compromised by same attempting to "escape", 1000 feet under the surface though, such things are but the slight and steady reformation of rock...

Union vs Merchant

Where Hitler was skilled at gathering about himself the reigns over what lay between social security and labor, there will inevitably lie the same phenom between the producer and the consumer.

Buy farm direct, take trips for stock bi annually, cut them out.

There is a fine line between criminality and illegality.

For reference: Overlap the proceeding 10 year court battle of the 70's that cemented Affirmative Action (by the Zionist'a, for the Zionist'a) with the next 10 years of anti-speech propaganda, and pay attention.

Active measures to arbitrarily influence Liberalism, especially in White women, results in the rearing of children with group inclinations towards increased statistical victimhoods, prone to result in suicidal tendencies, if not literally, then surely behaviorally.

Individual responsibility to be recognized in one, to manifest in many, to be embraced by all is the only true way to racial, ethnic, cultural, and customary unity.

The path to total embrace, however, is quite a different and more intricate beast.

The Jew, in all of his definitive practices (in-group) vs preaches (out-group) contradistinction, is as expedient in pursuing the suppression of evolution, as he is in orchestrating revolution.

Debate between the Old Testament vs New Testament can always be resolved by zooming out to devise the fundamentals of either as premiere:

Old: Prevalence upon two key components - Clan & Lineage.

New: Resultant of Death Personified, no matter how it's spun.

A false sense of female superiority somehow automagically constructed atop a binding spirituality which is based upon transference inducing holds/withholds, is but a simple failure in recognition to the misery self subjected concepts of gender malleability possess.

Where Zionist-inclined America has made a business dealing of disrupting the natural breeding patterns of the White European dependent, therein has it also offered up to the sacrificial whim of the non-White a means to dissuasion of its own cultures, customs, and natures. The fallacy lies in two parts: 1) To interbreed is to strengthen and defy the lessening of combining incompatible natures, and 2) To attack the front of race, culture, and custom is to degrade one side, but not the other, of the biological integration demanded of such combat.

The gist of gender malleability: an [attempt at] a social construct, haphazardly strewn about by mental illness suffering puppets masquerading as arbitrary power elites.

The Liberal feminine, in all her splendor to toil about the perceived, and/or imposed, anima/animus she believes herself so intuned with, fails to develop the ability to reconcile inconsistencies in her guile. The non-transferability of the conceptual anima/animus is but a fleeting negation of her incapacitory attachment to the psychological occurrence of transference, an ailment which denies her logic and reason, in face of the other sex. Her dissolutionment upon the fallacy of gender malleability is the result of her symptom, masquerading in her gelatinous mind as the cause received via external stimuli, an occurrence termed

"Timing Disorder" by David Eagleman, a neuroscientist specializing in Schizophrenia.

The advocating promulgation of homosexuality within every crevice of society reveals one clear evolutionary strategy for what equates to mass assisted suicide: plausible deniability.

Survivability among homosexuality is very poor, whether behaviorally or evolutionarily.

The conflation of political activism with religion is an incredibly saturated vector point within history's evolutions, a vector point which has inevitably drawn about itself the ailments of a dying society, every time, as if morality were the means of avoiding perishability.

Democracy ensures one thing, and one thing alone:

That a bipolar nation condemned to self mutilation along its journey to Dysgenics shall retrieve nothing but self-demised "devolution", from whenst a most inevitable, and often brutal, law of natural recourse is always wrought. The Guardian State of a peoples nation whose processes not only require, but encourage contention over long lasting debates decided upon majority as opposed to all or nothing breed that necessary dissent about which its inevitable fracture bores forth a broken composition.

Where the Separatists of any race will assume the position of preservation and defense for self and kind to come, there will also be strewn the condemnations of terror, except when it comes to the Zionist'a, whose jurisprudence relies heavily on continuation of social democracy.

The incomprehensible constancy of race-relations as a modicum of the ethics vs morals (Social Justice) phantasm burrowed deep into every imaginable facet of American society has been disproven of every possible contribution, except that of equal rights as equanimity.

1) Family Unit Group [FUG] - A mutually committed group of several families, kindreds, and/or households oriented around a shared organizational plan in the instance of social unrest, societal de-evolution, and/or gorilla warfare. 2) Security and self management in the face of large scale threat to survival is the purpose of a FUG. The benefit of consolidating resources, plans of action, defenses, and various other modes of security is strength in numbers, cohesion, and trust/reliability. 3) The dissemination of any number of plans in light of any number of situations pertaining to the FUG enacting protocols is both secretive in nature, and essential for maintaining in-group solidarity. 4) The process of a) Structuring Protocols, b) Expanding the FUG, and c) Applicability of Activation are decided by the

individual Family Units [FU] within the FUG, ideally in a fashion resembling all or nothing from the decided heads of each FU, and then a plebiscite majority rule by all combined [adult] members of all FU's within the FUG.

At the point the symptomology of an Emasculation of a Nation becomes the cause, the validity of redeemability must be questioned, and inturn adapted to for survivability, otherwise integrative assimilation forms in favor of compromise at the expense of posterity and defense.

The correlation between information itself and physiological response is an excruciatingly valid premise exemplified in representation by several measurable dispositional conditions and quantitative causes vs. symptoms.

Such a field of study has yet to be codified, as to date.

Regionalism consists largely of the noumenonic condition which prevails hegemonically over delineated occupations, most often cities, states, and countries. This conceptual design also consists of arbitration in constant distress, though never against alternate arbitration. No, this arbitration is either a) preventive, b) a priori, or c) adherence to perceived arbitration, or is itself a very lack of such arbitration, thereby conditioned against a), b), and c) from a stance of natural law, accord, and resistance.

The ailment afflicting most modern Western women today stems from the Power of Complaint, which has been indoctrinated into a social reward system.

Thus is the cause, woe unto those who shall know no better than to suffer the symptom.

Determinism, in its simplest form, is the active defiance, or resistance, of external stimuli, or interference, to which one has not already ascribed a self-fulfilling ideal, purpose, or knowledge.

Everything else is altruism.

Muscle memory versus Evolution: Where societal conditions have been imposed upon so thoroughly as to alter the physiological response of the organism, any changes pursuant, to the condition itself, will reflect in the engineering of reactivity in such that arbitration (first condition) versus non-arbitration (second condition) gives rise to systemic attempts to construct variables consistent to the difference in reactive pursuit between the first and second conditions. Hegelian phantasms deny the actual occurrence, which is more suitably explained as a plight between the muscle memory of the organism subjected to either condition, and the fabrics of evolution itself.

Causation of agitation, sans the logic, definitive basis, and relative pursuit of intent, and excluding a degree of significantly upheld accountability, is a form of cowardice suited most towards disarray and the fostering of dissolutionment. That which creates more than it cures, of a proposed ailment, is in large part itself but a greater proponent of the ailment it claims to seek resolution over than the ailment itself.

The self-identifying Mexican is as veritably predisposed to the edicts of its predominant residency under American social influence as the Black, in such that its natural inclination to infiltrate, assimilate, and conquer is self sacrificially satisfied in pursuit of deviation to natural breeding patterns in the name of adherence to Affirmative Action. Where the Mexican American believes himself reactionary to the native peoples of the land and system within which he chooses the need to assimilate, all by verdicts that he is impinged upon by a mysterious force asserted by the ruling class, there will one uncover in truth the cause of his sentiments under the plight of the symptom assumed, which is to say the response to his reaction, in combativeness, corruptness, and corrosiveness, upon which he sets out as if a mule chasing a carrot attached to a stick. Where in American culture the black and white indeed share a history, albeit one that won't be properly and honestly told

till the demise of Democracy, the Mexican and its non-integrative, migratory initiatives are and will remain the interloping anomaly of a much larger dilemma.

Individualism itself, the greatest invention of White society/civilization, is indeed at the crux of Western dissent, as both the proposed ailment and the resolve.

The proxy war between all non Jewish races has been concentrated against Ethnic European descendants via institutional, national, & social conditioning comprised of tactics in a) demoralization, b) destabilization, c) crisis, & d) normalization. Amidst a variety of influences derived from institutional, national, & social conditioning are assumed the directed plight to thwart the Ethnic European descendant by two recognizable means of tactical affrontement: 1) overt sexualization, & 2) alteration of morality. While morality is indeed a loose-leaf measure of culture, custom, and natural disposition, it is a frailty amidst the population surmounted about by such proxies, and is used moreso under these conditions as an assumed cause in defense of, as opposed to the symptom it truly is.

The greatest, most profound Religion of Man is wrought from the perfect and precise "blueprint" that is the alivened earth, void of Man. It is called Natural Law, and presents the highest striving, condition, and attainment that Man can

achieve. With Man, it is a war between Individualism and Altruism.

The advocacy, promulgation, and/or promotion of anything which one does not themselves 1) practice, or is not 2) striving to incorporate into practice, is by the very verdicts of biological production anti-survival, evolutionarily non-recursive, and altogether self-deprecating. The conflation between Advocacy and Law is subcultural, thereby political, thereby situated upon individual proclivities.

Advocacy as Law however is quite another animal, fraught with dangers to individuality and conformity that challenge self-agency and personal liberty.

The societal disarray that's exploded and engulfed entire populations enmass over the last few years is an extraordinary case study in the importance of guarding against compulsory psychogens and altruistic compromise.

We've glimpsed the circumnavigation of every defensive posture developed prior to this temporary period, as if our future had already been cast and lain forth to bore the burdens of tumultuous times evermore.

While tough times and treacherous plight will surely await us along our path forward, this period of surging decay is not

the condition itself, but moreso the sowing of seeds upon soils yet to be wrought up into being.

In such, we can look back upon instances of blind tumult, not as causes for grievance or powers of complaint, like so many will, but instead as fuel for ferocity of guardianship, the inspiration of defensive development, and furtive reprieve within which we may overcome and surpass the obstacles sure to beckon us.

The symbol of strength in face of adversity, and the victory of might and right in light of opposition is most resolute and proud of certainty within the embraces of discipline where others are prone to compulsory surrender.

Resistance is an art, a true virtue, and a valiant shrine before which to raise oneself, when the shadows of those future poisoned fruits threaten to produce forth in plentiful and unhindered promise of rotten seeds planted, as if the dreams of men were not but burrowed in the same temple as their nightmares.

Without might, discipline is but a mirage. Without defense, offense is but selective surrender and compromise.

Guard that which those contorted limbs swear to soil and demise, and breath forth upon the verdicts of life, while staring down the council of death.

Impulses founded, established, and structured upon the subjugation of sentimentalities anchored in reinforcement of any predominant mutuality are in effect seeking to corrupt, corrode, and de-establish the perceived cohesion thereof.

Where needs to be compelled any variety of sentimentality, acceptance of alternative belief, or emotive reaction, there has already been established its ineffectiveness.

The fallacy that one can automagically conjure up the conceptually ideal mate from the ethers of physiological response to organic adulteration, as anything but a construct to build discipline, restraint, and perseverance against an unbefitting mate, is counterproductive and corrosive to Natural breeding patterns.

There lies weakness and defeat in homophilia as a cause, the symptom of which is dissemination of that brute unfiltered dispellation and volatile displacement which seeks asunder to relinquish the establishment of foundations contrary to self loathing compromise, with unsuccessful agitation in one hand, and surrender to defeat in the other.

Natural Law has invariably decreed by the verdicts of social evolution that there is indeed a connection between the mores of an individual, family, and race and that of the function of sex, procreation, and reproduction. Morality, as a symbiological deduction of culture, custom, and heredity can hereby be affirmed in its relationship to the Natural Laws of Survival and Reciprocity, in that what it represents within the unadulterated fabrics of the human experience is under duress as that to which it is Reciprocitous is attacked.

Solipsism tends to be a reactive effect of Cognizant Dissonance, in my observatory capacities as a nobody, nothing just passing through.

Where CogDis rears its ugly head to insinuate a seed of Separatist impulse, failure to defend against external influence will inevitably lead away from the Baseline that resides between Common Rule and Exception.

As the effects of CogDis disintegrate within the self-involution of sole subjection, often once those external stimuli have been surpassed and/or normalized to a degree less than conscious agitation, Solipsism tends to become the only recourse for a completely discombobulated organism.

Reversion in attempts to resolve self caused inconsistencies is an initial impulse of Solipsism, which depending on ones resistance vs surrender to experiential external influence can be either reinforcing or individuating.

Of course, some are beyond repair and will abide their desire for slavery and servitude to what they know not, regardless of how they feel about what hill they choose to fight on.

Jesus is a symbol for Reciprocity.

While I am not Christian, and tend to place it in the category of feminine spirituality, it can have its place in the value of virtue and rightedness, as a case study in human behavior, ritual, and belief systems.

The fact is that Jesus represents the verdicts of one who spends their entire life asserting that "this is what it'll be" in one hand, and actively "making it happen" in the other hand.

He represents Reciprocity at its core value and impulse.

That which emanates from Christianity, the Bible, and its histories is surely more suitable to a feminine spirituality than a male reason, though requires both separate and united forces, in consideration of formative structure within

the home and family unit to be of use to greater AND self(ves) interest.

The crucible of Christianity, from a male perspective that's bound to Natural Law and distinctive actual conditions, is the clash between myth and reality, between an impulse to metaphorize and symbolize reality and the failure to need to.

This is ultimately why Christianity as a faith is suited to formation of the feminine spiritual capacity into contributive self interest for the underlying structures of the home and family unit, given it is guided by the untainted reason of the male factor, untainted by any perceptual deviations to Natural Law.

The formation of Christianity as the vehicle by which Identity is going to crusade its way to a New Establishment has always bothered me. I get it, I understand, and I see a point in appealing to a large swath of the populace, when that time comes.

But, just as any Christian Identitarian I've ever met has condemned Satanism as a creation of the Jew (Church of Satan Satanism), the double-standard of the Bible literally coming from the Semitic tongue, or even worse the negro, and translated very remotely from it, will never sit well with me.

I don't think there's a bridge or a mysterious cohesive element to be uncovered between the various fields of White Identitarians seeking to not fight and disagree over Biblical premise, as it relates or doesn't to non-Semitic Whites.

Instead, I believe acceptance of Christian Identity serves a sole and singular purpose for a White secular world... and that is population appeal/control, plain and simple.

There is a fundamental adulteration that takes place in the White through Christianity, a mandatory degree of dissolutionment required in adherence to Biblical conditions.

While Mythology has its place, I'm averse to foreign induced dichotomies, whether evident as a condition of life beyond myth, or within it.

Yes, there is a function of awareness that comes from the sort of Weltanschauung that Christian Identity inspires, but this doesn't derive confidence in the Bible upon either 1) tongue/people of origin, nor 2) translation of that tongue.

That said, personally I feel spirituality of the sort born of religion can be a productive means of feminine form and guidance, but as a man I just can't wrap my animal mind around Christian Identity being a suitable grounds from

which to wage war in defense of the Bible, beyond it just existing as a proponent of history and being a thing that does a thing.

Character of Thought - an interesting concept, in the drumming up of analytical connotation alone...

While I haven't read much into what has appeared to be constructed as a means of psychological format to "memory, categorization, casual inference, and problem solving", I can say that the framework of "Character of Thought" seems to be lacking in processual outcome, result, and/or conclusion of such framework.

Seems much of psychology suffers this shortsight in its jaunt along that modern reprieve of self management and internal formatting.

A chemist, who in his years of formal training has learned the every possible corner and crevice of the Periodic Table, has a bit of insight, yes... but, his applicability of that insight is what truly matters, has the greatest effect, and is what's yet to be proved.

It seems to me that memory, categorization, casual inference, and problem solving are but magnetic voids of the restrained psyche until they are taken up and formed by, of,

and into the Initiative of Action, the Sequence of Theory, and Conceptual Conclusion, which as the particle accelerator, wroughts the matter at the end of the tunnel.

This lack in modern psychology has always been my issue with it.

One of the first, most productive impulses a man has in approaching a potential mate is to define terms. Too much of a males experience within attraction to the fairer sex has determined, often times subconsciously, that a female mind is incapable of forming the framework of a working relationship, and many times, too finicky to even state, let alone uphold, the words upon which the dynamic of a mating dance is born forth into fruition.

Where immaterial substance is the predominating focal matter of the female condition, the degree of archetypism in reference to subjective versus objective management being a measure of femininity, the matter of man is largely predominated upon the experiential attributes as they are individually applied and pertain to external hegemonic structures.

There's a huge misunderstanding... perhaps un-understand altogether is a better way to put it... about prisons. Prisons are one of the most significant PRODUCTION points within

the societies they "serve", in regards to underlying "condition" within those societies, they are not "KEEPS", or "CONTAINMENTS". They specifically produce outward what they fail to keep inwardly captive. To each that may mean something different... To me, that is the underlying, immaterial criminality of human behavior which is not explicitly illegal, but does in many instances lead to actions that are.

Kinda weird how if we go back fifty years we end up in the American racial upheaval of 1968, and then if we go back fifty years from there we end up in the racial upheaval of 1918-1919, among many other varieties in either instance of American social unrest, global expansionism of Democracy, and all sorts of other national debilitations that come to underpin the following fifty years...

One could ask what a fifty year cycle has to do with anything. Well, that's a longer story, but here's a good coinkydink to start with:

"... the Old Testament Jubilee—in which, every 50 years, the Hebrews celebrated a year of perfect rest, emancipated slaves, and restored hereditary property..."

2022 was the third notable and distinctive Jubilee for America, the second for the nation-state of Israel, in its current form of Zionism.

"White Supremacy" is the theme of the nation at these particular points in history, and how what happens, give or take a few years either way, comes to be so significant...

"There is no other racial or national type which puts forth this kind of person," the Independent said in June 1920. "It is not merely that there are a few Jews among international financial controllers – it is that these world controllers are exclusively Jews." -Henry Ford

"In 1931, two years before he became the German chancellor, Adolf Hitler gave an interview to a Detroit News reporter in his Munich office, which featured a large portrait of Ford over the desk of the future führer. The reporter asked about the photo.

"I regard Henry Ford as my inspiration," Hitler told the News."

The will of the herd is resilient at most, misguided at least, and such organizations/groups as would seek to differentiate themselves from it while riding the coattails of its existence

are often deadset upon determining for their followers a decree of moral code to live by.

They would have the remote follower, or unknown friend, believe that the goal and pursuit lies within the theoretical dynamic of a spiritual evolution beyond the constraints of reality and reason.

Their proposed plight is individual, and reveals some sort of custom fitted knowledge and understanding of the world within which elevates them to the superhuman level of charm and being one with some manufactured, nonexistent current below the surface of humanity, that has conveniently been obtained via monetary gain and its far reaching symbolism within the world.

What worm withered, mucous sucking membranes these common sense avoiding, reason dodging dolts truly are.

Tribalism > Nationalism

In the evolution of the strategic concentration of populations, we've quite ceremonially settled upon the edicts of Nationalism as a means toward future prosperity and balance.

The quandary, however, lies in the development of this egalitarian sentiment of Nationhood from Tribalism, and thereby Feudalism.

While history will greatly show us that even the sentiment of an egalitarian spirit will not dispel the differences evident in a concentrated population, even one of a single and united Tribe, the burden of a methodological system of organization tied to occupational territory is precarious in its succession from Tribalism.

The sentiment of Nationalism, as from whenst would come the consecration of a Nation, is intricately, and quite interestingly, a superfluous deviation from Tribalism.

If indeed Reciprocity is the decree of Natural Law, which I believe it to be, then it remains to me a curiosity as to from what single and united cause from the Tribe of all peoples, at this point, such an expansive preoccupation of Nation from Tribe will have spurned and settled.

Were it so simple to oppress, bind, and control the Tribe by powers of authority, then it would not be so interesting a curiosity, and so I don't think it's as simple as repressing fears of rebellion, caste imbalance, or even defense against others, for from Tribe, the idea of Nation is but that, simply

an idea for which no bearing or power presides over, except for those by whom it's been drawn.

The Phenomenon of National Infallibility

Somewhere along the line of observational consumption, experiential accumulation, and experimental application, there develops a sort of unassuming concept of Infallibility as a National baseline.

Nation, concocted just beyond the truest elements of Tribe and Peoples, is in contradistinction to most, a foreign concept not derived of natural composite and organic disposition.

We find nowhere in Nature beyond the occupational hazards of Man, any sort of variant allegory to this concept of Nation. Yet, within a veritable clause of societalization and civility, there spawns not only the valuation of Nation, good bad or ugly, but also the necessary condition of negotiating its degree of Infallibility.

This is peculiar to me, to say the least...

Anglo society will have long previously traversed emphasis on lineal significance within the caste system of the group to the value of meritocracy, sans lineal transference.

The strength of families through patrimony, however, whether by means of faith or successive concentration, is most certainly a vessel of strength for the group.

Perhaps families and faith, or homes, comprised less of an emphasis, or function, for Individualism than caste and group, but certainly as significant in the composite of the group.

Of course, being brutally honest and forthright doesn't always work with the fairer sex, however I'm not beyond recognizing that there are indeed women whose natural disposition is that of submission and nurturing to certain dominant forces that society doesn't quite promote.

Unfortunately, that's often how perverts and sex offenders are born. Weak specimens of the human organism that can't appreciate that not every woman is willing to indulge masculinity in service to dominance on her own terms. Weaklings who pretend to be strong and powerful, but are really masochistic cowards under it all.

I like the willingness of that rare and unique submissive nature in woman, the one that not everyone sees. I take my shots, I present my case, and if I end up with a proverbial collar around the neck of a femininity-induced woman

capable of desiring her own surrender to my brazen approach, given all else is compatible, then I'm a happy camper.

I assume right about now, those Whites who've immersed themselves in hatred of themselves, & built walled gardens of guilt-laced illusion, are struggling between keeping up with the status quo of compromise to diversity in terms of foundations they've laid, & escaping those same cages of captivity to false morality & enshrined fallacy, without sticking out like a sore thumb amidst the diversity hires they've created the need to cater to.

Time will tell what the results of this evasive struggle will be, but I assume their natural breeding patterns are absolutely fucked, from the top of the mating game & selection of mates, to the bottom of adaptability to necessity for reciprocal capacities in rearing children. Balance, however, is a very dependable factor burrowed in the Reciprocity of Natural Law. We'll see.

In the battle between Right & Left, amidst ever-growing ruins of folks who've fallen out & shed away from the conventional plots of American politics, there are strewn the bones of thought-police whose verdicts rang hollow in the creation of monsters now void of cope.

One of the many marks of a man, beyond certain travails in life and self, is the innate ability to ascertain recognition first, then control, and finally victory over the monsters he's created.

Beware of the monsters you create, for they always return home to roost.

The world is full of warriors, ready to die on the hills they've built, but it's always prudent to keep in mind the effects of battle, whether microcosmic or macrocosmic. The effects of the Civil War are a great example: Initiative morphed into alternative outcome of the victors, and the remnants were devastating enough to consume entire bloodlines with the torment of loss and belief to even this day in some places. The final battle, fought for whatever glory of right one can conceive, must be cognizant of the verdicts levied at the end of bloodshed.

The attempt to dissuade a species of its natural breeding patterns begins with compromise, in that smallest and most minute form of adulteration that is the river of presence being woven before us.

There are Worldviews that inspire the breeding of future generations upon the soils of certain dispositions of virtue, and then there are Worldviews that seek to ascertain

authority over those soils by introducing miniscule ideological compulsions into present conditions in pursuit of compromise.

A similar tactic of dissuasion consists of positing a known falsity and then seeking to argue over the validity as if a corruption cannot be had were there not an iota of truth to its poison.

Adulteration occurs at the point of compromise to foreign forces which seek to subvert and dissuade current conditions, often with the hopes of fostering a distorted result in the future, a sort of effort towards behavioral modification if you will. Adulteration is of course immersed in cognitive dissonance and solipsism, and laced with elements of guilt, fear, alienation, and inferiority. Stereotypes are a likely vector with which the puppet army will attempt to corral and corner, since we all have those concepts of generalities such swine have built up to isolate.

Once adulteration is engaged, it becomes a game of wits against falsity and the imposition of incompatible posits committed to the pursuit of altering stereotypical evolutions perceived to stem from current conditions into unapproved Worldviews.

The compromise becomes evident in the instance a posit is accepted on the basis of adulteration, such as the idea that there are no non-liberal or non-progressive White women to pursue, so one must forsake certain criterion for a mate in order to even have a chance to obtain one.

The moment an eligible male dispells his own virtue for a remote ultimatum between not breeding or breeding a product that serves against that virtue, because the only eligible females are those with compassion for other species, lackluster acceptance to degenerative societal behaviours, or fail to understand certain population influences and so therefore oppose something which opposes those influences... The moment this occurs is erected a commemoration to a point in the past where and when an adulteration upon the present condition was compromised with.

No compromise. No remorse.

The breaking up of the family unit was & persistently remains the sole cause of susceptibility to that ever-pervasive multicultural degeneracy called antiwhitism. Of broken homes waft the self-defecation of race mixing, homosexuality, antinatalism, criminality & mental illness.

The fragmentation of a people derives from introducing foreign elements into its sphere of occupation, in such that it is dissuaded part and parcel of natural recourse.

Valid and principled is the elucidation, condemnation, and defiance of/to such intervention.

Universalism, within local communities comprised of a conglomerate of competing cultures, customs, and diverse racial influences, shall be wholly dependent upon the promulgation of impulse and morality-based altruism for its race to perishability.

Degeneracy is its hallmark.

Dissolutioned by motives of conversionary effort are they who seek beyond themselves to instill the moral compass imposed upon them, for to do as has been done to oneself as if it has been done by oneself is the crux of moral defeat.

Where degeneracy reigns, there will one find altruistic endeavors to reinforce alternative beliefs, Anti-Whiteism, and a variety of socially symptomatic ills to further incite deviation from common rule to behaviours and modes that validate previously considered exceptions.

Impulses founded, established, and structured upon the subjugation of sentimentalities anchored in reinforcement of any predominant mutuality are in effect seeking to corrupt, corrode, and de-establish the perceived cohesion thereof.

The non-Jewish pro-Zionist is one of the most despicable and nasty sorts on the face of the planet. Truly an anamorphic depiction of life's purpose and privilege in living color.

They are fraudulently ennobled by concepts of feminism, racial equality, religiousity, and gender dynamics that they cannot make work for themselves, yet believe in the marrow of their very existence that they can make fortunate for others.

They are immersed in practices of Crypsys, which is a technique of camouflage that animals employ in predation and/or defense, but which humanically can be most relative to the in-group/out-group dynamic of secular Judaism. It is an effect drawn of support for a foreign group of peoples, the Zionist's, which is disastrous to any others that don't belong to it.

They are efficient and effective at distorting natural breeding patterns and mating processes to which they are familiar, and utilize their familiarity to elicit susceptibility and

vulnerability by engaging evocation of attraction, false compatibility, and instinctive ideal under adulterative conditions for exposure to alteration.

The problem lies in these exposures and naturally instinctive reactions to their evocations being not as incompatible or unideal as they make predisposed to inaccuracy, were pro-Zionism not the motive or culprit.

This is a truly sad development of the human species, derives nothing but destruction of non-Jewish tendencies, and defies evolutionary strategies ordained by nature that do not lead to self-loathing and anti-survivability.

Were the soils of a man to decay and waste away, future turned and tossed from refuge sought, sunk and made undelivered unto seeded ground-

What will have become no longer to be, what will not be ever at the forefront of longing and dissatisfaction, merciless brutality calling;

Naught bearing forth to leave behind nor promises to keep, naught love nor lust nor the privilege to behold, naught a remnant to memorialize.

Of this man is only defiance to cage and beckoning grave,
lamenting fury and rage and rest in vengeance, seconds
ticking by as the hourglass tips:

And so it the future that awaits upon our arrival, holding in its
death grip all but another moment of sorrow.

Any woman that effectively leads a man on in that most
covert and subtle stream of consciousness between man
and woman is: 1) seeking an advantage she doesn't
possess, 2) seeking alteration of perceived ideals,
modalities, moralities, and/or belief systems, and/or 3)
unstable.

The caveats, if we consider this symbol of a mating dance
as a mating signal, is the ability to withdrawal from this
covert and subtle exertion at any point of resistance, and/or
the complete lacking of any surmisable obstacles to
receiving in return a favorable reaction of pursuit.

Persistence in face of resistance, or otherwise easily
recognizable obstacles to the bait being taken in the context
of which this function serves for the organism, is
counterintuitive to self awareness, will often result in
counterproductive effects, and is simply conniving to any
over which it has been levied.

The attempt to reform humanic capacities as anything they are not, or example number 2 above, by dilution of recognizable functions into some alternative of altruistic kumbayaism, is self deceptive and fraught with negative effects in favor of calling a spade a spade.

My perspective here denotes a rejection of validity to some compartmentalization between functions of the self and the complete self. I regard concepts of interaction "under the surface" the same way we'd believe Vikinja did concepts of Luck, Orlog, or Mystical Marriage.

THE FYLGJA:

"Remember the cats, ravens, and other familiar spirits who are often the companions of witches in European folktales? These are fylgjur (pronounced "FILG-yur") in the plural and fylgja (pronounced "FILG-ya") in the singular. The fylgja is generally perceived in an animal form by those with second sight, although human fylgjur aren't unheard-of. It's an attendant spirit whose well-being is intimately tied to that of its owner – for example, if the fylgja dies, its owner dies, too. Its character and form are closely connected to the character of its owner; a person of noble birth might have a bear fylgja, a savage and violent person, a wolf, or a gluttonous person, a pig.

"Fylgja literally translates as "follower," but, as often as not, it's depicted as traveling ahead of its owner, arriving at the intended destination before its owner or appearing in the dreams of someone who will meet the owner the following day. Intriguingly, the term is also applied to the afterbirth, but the connection is mysterious and unclear."

THE HAMINGJA:

The fourth and final part of the Norse self that we'll consider here is the hamingja (pronounced "HAHM-ing-ya"). The word is often used in an abstract sense to signify "luck," but the Norse understanding of luck is very different from our own. In Bettina Sommer's fitting words, "luck was a quality inherent in the man and his lineage, a part of his personality similar to his strength, intelligence, or skill with weapons, at once both the cause and the expression of the success, wealth, and power of a family."

Luck, the hamingja, is a personal entity in its own right, is part of the self, and can be split off from the other components of the self in certain circumstances. When a person dies, his or her hamingja is often reincarnated in one of his or her descendants, particularly if the child is given the name of the original owner of the hamingja. Sometimes, as in Viga-Glum's Saga, the hamingja bequeaths itself of its own accord to a relative of its original owner, without any

special naming having to take place. The hamingja can also be lent to others during life to assist them in particularly perilous missions where luck is needed especially badly."

There are those in our midst, at any given time, who live as unrealized shadows among the beasts of the field, slowly evolving in effortless differentiation to those around them, becoming helplessly aware and more attuned to their shadow. Their becoming is neither lineal nor fortified by favor of intent, and to varying degrees within the presence as it stands upon the foundations of the true past are they arrayed as monuments to evolution. Perhaps Gods among men, unbound by the fullest breadth of the wake they leave in their stead. To the Tarantulas of the times do they belong naught, for within and of their shadows are the marching monuments of evolutions crooks and crevices, and to the attempts of failed conformity are they bred upon.

The creditor/debtor system, upon which most of modern society operates as a means of anything from commerce to mating to personal agency, is a system which has been devised, established, and infectiously penetrated into every conceivable and vulnerable crevice of the White Bio-Sphere.

It's not good enough to assert the fact that the Whites livelihood, living conditions, and very spirit of morale has been a constant target barraged by this creditor/debtor suite

of modernism. No. We must shed light and raise shield upon the reality that under this tactile barrage has stemmed the very intentional and guided detriment that threatens the very existence of the White, who must now suffer the consequence of inability to uphold custom and culture, in his own Nation nonetheless, that's allowed him to propagate this far.

He now has to navigate the pitfalls of predatory powers seeking to extinguish his will to survive, to overcome the imposed inability to mate within his own race, to breed and to promulgate forth a family and a future of generations because he can't afford to sustain his Inborn Natures within this system suspended by foreign operatives.

It's not only affordability that's stripped from the White who suffers this creditor/debtor system, it's opportunity and capacity of outcome, it's purpose and it's will to procreate and even will to survive, it's his future that is degraded within the pitfalls of his present.

Within the jaws of this devouring machine is the White suspended within an environment that surrounds and surmounts him with every form of degeneracy and destabilization possible by those too weak to resist the ugly surrender and submission to this system of self defacement.

Populace Gender Dynamics: Failure in differentiating between male masculine/feminine and female feminine/masculine < Arbitrary enforcement of dissonant emasculation for result of imbalanced power dynamic < Reinforcement of simulated transference < Aversion to defining terms of companionship < Dependence on aberration as indicator of libido < Reactive suppression to non-participation/non-interest < Compartmentalization of sex-function/attraction < Sublimation of imbalance as economic function > Controversion of criminalism and conquest > Dereliction of individual function > Dissent from origin of inborn initiative > Contradistinction of preposition to processualism > Distraint from Framework

Original Question: What's the appeal of conquest over opposing ideologies/Worldviews?

My Answer:

OF PEOPLE-

It is complete, unrelenting dominance over willful, irrefutable surrender to total, controlled submission. It is being not only in absolute possession of the very breathing existence and matter of an alive individual, but also bearing forth the verdicts of Nature and Spirit for any yet unborn future progeny. The appeal of conquest alone is the reward of power and authority to rule of Will over the possessed, while

retaining the same of the self; that it be of an opposition to ones own ideology/Worldview, is but an empowerment of the static ego.

OF PRIVELEDGE-

The disposition of Man, within the ideal condition of circumspect modalities for union, mating, and breeding, must serve the temperance of both mate and self, in order that disciplines of both thought and thoughtlessness do not negate mutual interest.

OF DESIRE-

As Man serves God, so does woman serve Man. A Man who cannot execute strict restraint, must not understand or even comprehend the sweet abandon of woman.

Within the scheme of underlying motives among the majority of the world there are three likely culprits: 1) controlled-opposition, 2) uncontrolled-opposition, and 3) Jews (Judaic/Zionist).

Where much of the motive-force within society remains unknown to the controlled-opposition, who saunter along in blind promulgation to various social justice warriorism induced plights towards self demise and willful enslavement to altruistic delight, there are still those who are cognizantly empowered by self-sacrificial demise.

Every once and again, there is one who is cognizant and aware of the underlying motive-force seeking controlled-opposition, who has discovered the plight of the Jew to exterminate the White through overt integrative madness and enslave what may remain, yet who still violates willingly their own design to survive.

Any White European descendant, who truly understands the plight of the Jew, who truly knows the end goal, yet willfully promulgates forth those efforts which stem from the Jews design to weedle out of existence the White, even to the degree of self-sacrifice and self-demise, out of detestation of what the Jew will have the world believe is Whiteness itself, is absolute evil incarnate.

She is a scourge that will devour herself into isolate madness, under the guise of controlled-opposition in the face of uncontrolled-opposition, in order to afflict upon the perceived adversary of the Jew the curse which the Jew has designed against all non-Jews, including herself.

She is a willing pound of flesh upon the wand of the Jew, a devout harlot committed to the desecration of that which she is familiar of herself in others alike, and a prude to her own Natures, against which the results she seeks to condemn in others the same.

To the Spear with this false temptress in disguise.

A man who is destined to leave nothing behind, no family, no wealth, no legacy, should spend his remaining life in willingness to perish for duty in defense of his people against the tyranny that has sealed his fate, and threatens to theirs.

To perish in knowledge that one has naught to leave unto the world of his being anything of worth and value, is better than to wither away or rot in a cage of barren existence and manufactured servitude.

To strive against that which negates ones Natures to breed and mate freely and without compromise to values of processual sovereignty, security in perspective, and cultural integrity, even and especially by means of violent resistance, is a virtuous plight, that whether won or lost, is honorable and justified.

Within the plight of man, any encounter with agitation against pursuit of Natural Breeding and Mating Patterns, which is advertently guided away from its source to seek resolve elsewhere, is in effect a measure of controlled opposition and imposed compromise, thus is to be avoided.

The difficulty in mating and breeding for the Racial-Identitarian is a manufactured trevail, and anyone of one's own group who serves to further compound and disadvantage another under motives of that manufactured trevail that makes it already difficult is effectively a Race-Traitor in service to a competing force at the expense of their own selves and group, and should be subject to retribution and armed resistance, if necessary.

That which has abolished the Natural recourse of Man's Will to Procreate shall be irrevocably smashed into unalivened state.

In a world over populated with weakness, it is only a wonder that a virile and stout man would have a negative and volatile reaction to an overburdening plight of women set out to destroy any and every iota of sacredness in pursuit of an advantage they foresake for doing so, as if compensation for desecration lies in consumption of its ravages.

Expressions of the fleshly capacities cannot possibly be exclusionary of race and ethnicity to remain ideologically accurate and productive.

Any Worldview, political belief, or whatever other variety of societal perspective one possesses as a part of a group or collective of like minds, which seeks to agitate into

submission under the assertion that non-conformity should, and/or will result in incarceration, is not looking out for the individual interest, the group interest, nor the interest of the whole.

The very Nature of prisons, both outwardly upon the societies they are proposed to serve, and inwardly within the elements of organic environs that evolve upon corruptive restraints, are predisposed towards reinforcing the unideal status' of counterproductive macro and micro forces.

The Ideological Subversion which predisposes that non-conformative elements of society which are 1) unaltered by its subversionary tactics, and/or 2) non-adoptive of their dispersions, are liable to the effects of failure wrought upon the subversive by its own ineffectiveness, and thereby at the mercy of incarcerative measures, is both non-actionable and lacking criminalisms upon which it asserts justice.

The compounding effect of this pestilent agitation, within its favorite aggregative accumulation, while asserting itself as cause of unespoused criminalisms bound to lead to justice for infractions to non-conformity, are but simply the symptoms of failure to secure incarceration for ineffective subversions, which effectively "decommission" the efforts of their source.

To compromise is to abide; to reject and refute is to impose the Natural delineation of conflict between Revolution and Evolution, between Previous Occurrence and Presence, and between the Dissolutionment of Cognitive Dissonance and the Full Disclosure of Self Possession.

Control of speech, vocabulary, and inflection in the midst of adversarial agitation seeking to reap imbalance and reactive delirium against ungovernable elements of antinomian disposition is a virtuous trait of higher man.

Unbound by economics, moral-based tropes, and conventional expectations, the possessor of controlled speech, vocabulary, and inflection is enshrined within a Nature-ordained altar of refutation to deviation in behavior, action, and deed.

The measured, calculated, and precise vocal faculties are very unnaturally assumed under the pressures of reinforced emotives which are discovered contra to Natural conditions.

Nature of these faculties arises when resistance to intermediate influences, forces, and impacts are defied, giving birth to revisionary definition in that jaunt from unnatural to Natural.

This is to say that discipline is attained only under the terms of hostility, as a vehicle of supersession to surpass, not as a means of constant combat to stifle.

Normalize Internal Monologue

For me, Internal Monologue is an active function of contextualizing into formative structure thoughts and sentiments. It's an accumulated sequence of theory that binds organic disposition to limitation of thought, sentiment, and sensory evolution.

Within the micro of my being, my Internal Monologue serves as a measure of cognition and processualism, utilizing healthy narcissism and discipline over present condition to construct framework upon experience, observation, and subjectivity/objectivity.

Internal Monologue is often found in Schizophrenics, however sans certain mental deficiencies and chemical imbalances that are resident in probably less than 10% of those who self-identify as Schizophrenic within the mental health industry, it is but a function of the human organism.

Those without Internal Monologue, in my limited experience and observation, are more likely to bend to conformity, where others with it are more prone to resist influence by

way of charting their own paths against the currents of convention.

Seems to me that those with Internal Monologue are destined for only a couple outcomes: 1) a willing addition to the evolving experiment of observation and social-science distortion that is the modern mental health industry (i.e. controlled opposition), or 2) controlled and directed unconformity, resistance to integrative forces, and unwillingness to assimilate beyond the immediate macro condition of micro consistency.

As to what either of these options are liable to result in behaviorally, actionably, or otherwise symptomatically in todays world... well, that's a diverse and ever-morphing prospect.

Individual Responsibility is the way to White Unity, to be recognized in one, to manifest in many, to be recognized by all.

Radical Individualism is a finicky beast, depending on ones ability to maneuver a sort of Duplication vs Resistance vs Analytics trichotomy, but it is not the automatic opponent to Unity that we'd think... not always.

To chaos, order is a symptom of failure, but to order, chaos is a cause of victory.

Controlled Opposition vows dependence on the Radical in Radical Individualism; Uncontrolled Opposition vows independence from Reactive Duplication of Resistance to Analytics.

Organic Individualism is inherently bound to the Unity of the shared parts of the Organic Body to which it belongs; As the body is naught without the mind, so is the Body naught without the Individual, nor the Community without the Family Unit.

Pride as an emotion: The quandary over whether Pride is an emotion or something else is interestingly plagued by personal bias for me. If not an emotion, one must search themselves for exactly what Pride is.

The conflation between Pride and emotion is a delicate dichotomy, in a world of conditioned compromise and deliberate flight from intellect. Where Pride as emotion denotes causation, Pride as manner, motive, and result posits a formation of outcome.

Manner is a significant component of this latter form of Pride, in my book, and lends credence to class, intent, and altogether the balance between compromise and cause.

Where compromise and cause intersect within my variation of what Pride is, if not an emotion, is evident in the strides one takes towards relative outcome as they pertain to an encompassing pro vs con, or good vs bad dichotomy, and the skill with which those strides are compiled into an outcome as a token of cause for Pride.

To me, within a world of shells whose every internal motion is dictated upon by the currents about which they are unaware surround them, Pride as an emotion is a frail concept that circumnavigates the token of outcome commemorating it by manipulating surges of compulsory feeling to represent a sentiment sans class, action, and correlation.

Government baby is a term I use to describe someone who is a confused, unrecognized to self instrument of conditioning for those vulnerable portions of society susceptible to indoctrination.

Since we are all walking, talking propagations of either a) our place within belief systems, or b) our positioning against certain belief systems, and each of us being part and parcel

the literal sources from whence the National organism of our Republic derives its power, the dispositions we hold count and matter, both microcosmically/introvertedly and macrocosmically/extrovertedly.

The operational tendencies of true to heart government babies lie in cognitive dissonance between these two polarities of the self and group, which are more and more recognizably suspended in a sort of compulsorily unchecked and imbalanced belief that exterior promulgations are somehow automagically defeated by internally contradistinctive counterbalances.

The problem with this elusive strategy is the external promulgation is a means of indoctrination and subversive causation, not a method of subjected rejection.

The relevance of the internal contradistinction is neither innate nor as ineffective in the pursuit of the externalism as this process of promulgation would secretly propose, however it is nothing but conditioning of contradictory externalisms when not utilized in pursuit of aligning the very function of those externalisms into a sort of billboard for the internal contents seeking to counter them.

Government babies will walk about society, espousing and promulgating the elements of that which they proclaim to

despise, in some malnourished effort to imbue the contradictions within with some magical ability to stamp out of themselves and others what they are self deceptively promoting.

The human condition and its capabilities are indeed incredible and can be exquisitely beautiful, but they are also fraught with potentiality of distortion and very real ailments.

Nietzsche's Tarantula is an enthralling subject for me. The complexity with which my analytical mind scours, devours, and dissects different elements of this despicable societal infection is sometimes excruciating.

We can all glimpse certain arrays of those whose lips speak of democracy, equality, and justice upon a projected image of love and well-being, but whose hearts evoke democracy, equality, and justice out of a place of murky hatred and darkened vengeance.

We see the circumventing illogicability of gender malleability, of an elusive progressiveness seeking to dispel its own scourge by offering the problem it decrees it has the only cure to, and then failing to recognize the process it's foregone to create a monster it cannot defeat, and of course we have the full front assault on Natural breeding patterns that decries the Emasculation of a Nation to be nothing more

than confusion upon the true capacities between man and woman.

Whether of those who mistake promulgation as rejection, Natural Law as malleable, complaint as resolve, or prolonged obeisance to constraint and delimitation as a means of surpassing an undesired condition, the failure to associate cause with result is evident in these sorts.

The question becomes at what point of ignorance does unknowing blindness to surpassing a blockage become wilful disregard in favor of ailment...?

To this quandary I presume only the following conclusion: I don't even want to know, but am inclined to believe that only in truly finding out will we ever really get the answer.

The company one keeps reflects much more on them than it does on those who dissent upon/from others' frail camaraderie.

Intellectualisation as a means of escaping the vagaries of a failing spirit immersed in self subjected entanglement with oppositional forces is pseudo-ism wrapped in pretentiousness, at best.

The spirit upon which intellectualism rests most furtively is formed prior to intellectualisation of its undeveloped possession, and is not a means of agitation, but a process of ascension.

Intellectualisation of a spirit unpossessed is but self deceptive crypsis between self assumed opposing forces, neither of which are borne of nor spurn from the essence of the spirit itself, but solely appear to.

While appearance subjugates treatment, when of an intellectualism fostered from a spirit, yet proclaimed forth sans its possession, I have nary a favorable nor accepting opinion.

Beware the pseudo-gospel.

The verdict of struggle lies in the motive of its plight; lest strife arise upon the force of conversion.

The Will to Procreate comes with caveats, a relative reality too many of the day are unwilling to admit.

Any penis can inseminate any vagina, this isn't the debate. The debate, or more accurately the assertion, lies in the fruits of that insemination, and the lateral results of factors which brought it into being.

Of such factors are considerations in various indicators that provide insight into forecasts of survivability, societal ascension, ideal condition, and effects of propagation upon Progenitors.

Those indicators are two-part: One consisting of mental and psychological attributes, including Weltanschauung, Ideology, and abilities of reason, logic, and problem solving; The other of a more deterministic scientific matter, meaning measurable and comparable physical attributes.

These indicators are the meat and matter, the very substance if you will, of Natural Selection. They are in accord with Natural Law, whether abided and further reinforced, or denied and rebelled against.

Of mating, as with any other variant of social conglomeration, both consequence and reward are forms of responsibility, thus are verdicts of Reciprocity.

Breed right. Breed well. Breed reward.

As the seeds of the past begin to nurture into the sprouts of the present, the effects of rotten soils will become more and more apparent.

The lens which is currently captivating the common castes among our societies are but looking into the light, while the beaming ray shines right back at magnified intensity upon unguarded walled gardens.

Geopolitics are not the focus here; The organisms bound by their glitz and glamor are.

Repetition, no matter how overwhelming, will never supercede Reciprocity.

Decisiveness is determined by two factors, that when exercised in conjunction with one another equate to the [1] Rapidity with which [2] Judgment is expressed.

Anywhere, or in anyone, you find underlying systemic agitation attempting to broil its way to the surface to induce class struggle, there have you encountered the scourge of Communism.

Recognition: Systemic agitation seeking to induce class struggle.

Communism in practice.

Discrimination is one of the greatest tools in the Natural Law of Selection.

It is both an ode to Defensability as well as to Reciprocity.

Discrimination in pursuit of Reciprocity as a means of Selection is a method of Patterning.

Super alt-more based folks would call it gaslighting, but they would inturn be attempting to circumnavigate the Natural Law of Reciprocity in doing so, indicating a high degree of Dishonorability and Adulterated Patterning.

The trend of macrocosmic, geopolitical mindedness is something to be conscious and careful with.

I am guilty of this fad myself sometimes, albeit in an extremely anti-regurgitative way, still I feel as if this inflated sense of awareness is vulnerable to becoming a diversionary blockage to the microcosm of folk, faith, and family.

The social efforts we've witnessed surmounting about our daily lives are evidence of the significance of our homes, family units, and immediate environments.

The real threat lies in the foundations that strong and concentrated microcosms either hold, or forsake.

There needs to be an increased refocusing from the macrocosms of globalism back to the rooted microcosm of that which is what's out to be destroyed, diverted, and tarnished.

The prospect that the United Jew-Borne Federation overburdens and overwhelms every large shareholder in a position of global military power to the degree that they are entirely imbeciles and incompetents, seems like a real evolutionary possibility...

The crux would be that world leaders betoken to the UJBF become so wilfully incompetent that they are incapable of defending the Zionist, whenever that pesky Natural Law of reciprocity rears its ugly head against a world of Jewish oppression.

The enemy of my enemy...

A brutal world we will all have to surpass at some point is gonna be a serious issue for you Righty's, when it comes to your attempts to control and authorize this thing you call morality.

What has become of morality in today's world is a far departure from what it actually is. Today's sense in strides

towards morality is complete and utter altruistic design. It's a sentimentalization of globalist pursuit, plain and simple.

The issue is that morality, were we to really delve under the hood and apply those surmounting verdicts of what an ideal global condition is, is simply a reflection of culture, customs, and secular societal constructs, which if we have common sense, are different for the in-group designs of each and every peoples, Tribes, and nations.

Need we as a humanity to truly pass through a period of complete desolation and absolute destruction, you altruists version of morality is something I hope by the grace of that very Life Force itself I find in my mortal foes, for to the chagrin of the lost herds amongst you will it be a chink in the armor of those who seek to destroy me.

The compulsory desire to imbue forms of remote public expression with a humanic sense of freedom, autonomy, and independence is an artificial extension and weird.

The ailments wrought from this weird modern fetish are too immense and devastating for positive promulgation of the extension to self that this compulsion asserts of remote socialization.

Not the hill I'll die on.

For the West, the evolutionary strategies of the White European descendant are a fail-safe, as it were, when we boil down the verdicts of Natural Law.

This built-in fail-safe of the White European descendant reveals the Natural Law of Reciprocity when we juxtapose it with the bad-manism of the Zionist-led machine that uses false-morality to seek and destroy the remnants of this Natural Law itself.

The juxtaposition evident here, foreseen by the Zionist plight to devalue all non-Jewish interests into surrender and service, are clearly in attempts to prevent the Reciprocity bound to occur in defiance to the Zionists effort, as history has shown of the Jewish people again and again. This is not their first rodeo.

Now, aside from the inevitable results of this cause and effect charade, there are the religious adversarialisms the Zionist faces from the Islamic world.

Where the dominant peoples of the West's resolve is much greater than the religiosities of the Islamic world, when it comes to combating the Zionists plight, it is reasonable to assert that what we have here is a trichotomy in constant battle of "the enemy of my enemy is my friend."

Zionist infected America will of course fail to see the relevancy here, and assume blindly upon the images it's been ingrained with that the "enemy of its friend is its enemy."

Just as the Bible states that Israel will establish a great Nation (failing to allude that it would necessarily be their own Nation), we of course have a bit of deception lurking amidst this trichotomy when it comes to considering Israel an true ally of America.

Were I a betting man, I'd presume that at some significant point in the future the White European descendant led West will assume an adversarial role against Israel and Zionism, at which point having driven your great puppet Nation to abolish what will have been the enemy of their enemy, before realizing the expense of your influence and direction, would be a dire mistake.

A hard truth about criminalism within modern civilized society:

The less organized that criminals/crime/criminalism remains, the more randomness appears in its acts pursuant, the less logic of reason behind its motive, and the more vile it becomes.

The more organized a criminal enterprise, the less likely it is to stray from its own lane.

You want crime to stay in its own lane.

One of my first compelling analytical distinctions in my birth of racial consciousness was between Supremacy and Separatism, in favor of the latter.

While the collapse of the West is an inevitable destination for this course we're on, theoretical deductions of the most ideal conclusion for the Social Democratic West are an interesting exploration.

Of the few things our founding fathers did not proffer forth a means through I find the most interesting to be the possibility of territorial loss/fragmentation, and what it would look like were a repeat of our breaking from the "tyranny of the throne" is not the route...

The way our government is headed, and has planned to for a long time, does not in itself bode well for territorial imperative, given any other instance except that of dichotomous secession.

I do not foresee a collapse upon attempts at formal secession. I do see a lot of life lost and blood creeks were a repeat of the CW attempted, and a verdict that an attempt is exactly what it would be.

The thing to consider, given our government, is that outside of a controlled opposition within that CW-esque dichotomy, territorial imperative is not high on the list of sustainable fronts, which begs the quandary of what sort of conflict could arise to fill the gap.

Given a government that is headed towards a dissolute condition of internal dismantling, the cohesion required for territorial imperative seems lined up to meet the chopping block, if not by intention, then surely by effect.

To me, the sort of societal disarray that would be present amidst a government incapable or unwilling to uphold territorial imperative, would consist of a de-evolution, or perhaps evolution, into a multi-faceted, multi-front Feudalism, battle-royale style.

Were this to become of this once great nation, which history shows us worse can happen, it is a certainty that the battle between Supremacy and Separatism that we see in the cracks and crevices amongst us today would surely waver towards predominance in Separatism, as groups

concentrate and unite to defend, fight, and assert territorial imperative.

The incessant impulse to question within the sanctuary of the self, as if some elusive wisdom-giver cowers in the corners of the Being, awaiting an inquisition while hiding from the desire to know until provoked to reveal, is in itself a process of wilful delimitation, self-subjected fragmentation, and a subtle yet powerful relinquishment of the whole.

It is fair to say that dissolutionment will nary surrender to the delusion of compartmentalization void of activity on its way to de-evolution of foundations forged within the furnace of dissonance.

Myth of the Aryan

Mythologie d'un Arien

(Mythology of an Aryan)

Balade de la Aria-Vril

(Ride of the Aria-Vril)

THE FIRST FIBER

I set out upon the verdicts of humanity's evil, scouring the shadows of wickedness, devouring the darkness of the Aria-Vril.

In the center of this shroud shown a path lain before me, and along this path were countless footprints.

I came upon this shrine, shrouded in shadows upon a single standing object. The Aria-Vril shone out, but was not revealed, it was encased, but not surrounded.

Within it was darkness, cast out of black void. Upon it were dancing shadows moving to the rhythm of misery and pleasure.

I'd seen such as was reflected within this unrecognizable object, whose heartbeat was the Aria-Vril.

It shone me the journey I'd foregone to get to this very threshold, while at the same time rejecting that which I'd surpassed.

Casting out of these crucibles upon which this Aria-Vril danced were nine branches calling unto me varying verdicts of refuge and repudiation, alike.

Nine branches called me this way and that, showing me here and there, but it was the third whose call captured my person.

"Virtue", called the third, "is the reality of the reviled. Unto them are granted altogether the fantasies, furies, and fortunes of the Aria-Vril."

"But," spoke he further, "unto you lies the path to take or forsake, the burdens to shoulder or shrug, the footholds to father and flourish."

Spiraling down, or was it up, I pondered upon this message. In the solitude of my refuge, this body, this mind, I scoured the place I was. Nothing did I see beyond the Aria-Vril upon this object.

And everything did the Aria-Vril upon this object see, peering
without eyes, into this quandary inside, sunken into this
reprieve standing before the path lain ahead.

I felt the discovery of what I'd come for, saw the answer to
my unknown questions, and heard the music of life yet
unlived.

Little did I know, my journey had not yet even begun...

THE SECOND FIBER

I blinked, and when I opened my eyes, was at moments notice, tumbling, falling, flailing about in a heavy void of complete darkness.

Down into the belly of the beast I'd been hurled, into a senseless place where I could not distinguish temperature from taste, thought from sight, scent from the hollow rumblings around me.

Just as quickly as I'd begun my flight through melancholy shadow, did I come to my next destination.

In a cavern of immaculate conception was I birthed, there standing before a pillar of grand design once again.

Knowing not what portion of space and time I'd breached, I stared upon the Aria-Vril before me, and heard at once the third branch call:

"The second pillar is the place upon which is birthed the flesh and blood of men. It is between the first and second fibers, and beholds the timeless immemorial of all who stand before it."

It was then that the senselessness of my plight to get here had begun to form a prognosis.

I felt the warm breeze of places beyond my grasp, the liquid comfort of my escape from the womb of humanity.

Before this obelisk stood I, enlivened by the meandering flood of sensations dancing across my nerve endings.

"Flesh and blood are the soils upon which pleasure is borne. Unto it are all men either created or forsaken."

I knew then, not what Iain ahead, but that I would discover it, be consumed by it, and devour all it had to grant.

"Welcome to the second fiber."

THE THIRD FIBER

And just like *la piccolo morte*, I was ushered into a heightened state of frenzy, electrifying every fiber of my being. And then...

I appeared instantaneously before another pillar, not knowing time or space as the sensation I'd found before completely consumed my every sense.

Before this pillar were crumbs of an unquenchable hunger. And within every agony they possessed were remnants of the pleasure of attempting to douse it.

Knowing not who'd placed them there, nor from where they'd come or to where they would be going, I returned my gaze to the pillar.

The voice of the third branch spoke out of the Aria-Vril thereon, "Here lies the bounties of a never-ending harvest, whose ravages wreak an unslakable desire."

The Aria-Vril roared just then, and from its dancing heat came a third fiber. I could not see behind it, but was altogether aware that it sheltered something more.

"From this moment, have you glimpsed, but not seen, sensed, but not felt. Hereforth shall you seek consumption never-ending."

It was then that I noticed the crumbs had disappeared. No longer were they scattered, but gathered in this hunger I suddenly had.

I began to seek my next morsel, bemoan my missing increase, desire with heavy consternation the expansion lain before me.

And like the flicker of an insects wings, I was once again moving, marching, drudging along an unfamiliar terrain.

THE FOURTH FIBER

Glimpses of an unknown corridor, dimly lit by flickering light, assuaged me as I stood once again before the Aria-Vril entangled about an obelisk.

I'd never seen the corridor from which brief flashes crept into consciousness. Yet, apparently, I'd traversed it to get to where I was.

The scene about this object before me was seemingly more alive than the others I'd visited. It neither moved nor was entirely clear, but was absolutely... breathing.

I sensed the intake of the space, the exhale of the atmosphere, but nary did I understand.

This place drew me in, but did not consume, it welcomed me, but need not beckon, it presented, but did not offer.

Amidst my grasping for the understanding I lacked, the third branch called out: "Behold, the fourth fiber! Within it are that which men are driven to obtain."

Before this, I'd sought and pursued, wanted and strove for that which the true value of possessing had always evaded.

"From here, are discovered the very initiatives that the attainment of all desired things are endorsed and continually indulged."

More of what I had so shall I want, came the formation of this place, for what I desire, so should I set out to increase.

I became even more conscious of myself, intensified within this previously unknown realm, completely delivered unto this urge to obtain, acquire, and expand into possession of that which I so desire.

"Self endowed is the man whose grasp realizes effect, whose arrival procures fruition, whose net casts about the acquisition of fulfillment."

THE FIFTH FIBER

As if sent like a projectile, through murky waters, I tumbled down a staircase. I could see not the top or bottom of this flight.

When I arrived, there stood a pillar, encompassing the Aria-Vril, amidst which jumped and gyrated flames and fumes.

It was alive and cast out shadows of turmoil and despair, of destruction and desolation.

After moments of mesmerization, the third branch called, "The fifth fiber is upon us. Herein lies the furies of men upon which havoc wreaks and misery surmounts."

Before this ravaging black shimmer did I see the faces of mortal foes twisting and tormented in agony. Born of this place was their ruination.

In front of my eyes were the last remaining morsels of mercy and compassion for my enemies torn asunder and made to suffer in their anguish.

I felt hatred, I embraced the deepest, most resolute shedding of all who may have vexed me, and the oncoming peril for those who would yet to.

"So lies the fate of men who would bind justice to recourse, who would embrace the hot as with the cold, the near as with the far, and absolution as with damnation."

Not each as to the other, but each unto its own place within my compass did I come to warrant, realizing the power of every possible extreme.

THE SIXTH FIBER

I was spirited away to the next phase of this journey,
enlivened by the fire and ice swirling around within me.

Needing to feel, to satiate my hunger, to consume more of
this place, and get closer to the Aria-Vril that drew me, I
awaited with bated breath...

"The path less traveled lies before you. Where resides the
masses, far away does this path wander.", said the third
branch.

The concern of others, the beliefs founded in their refuge of
convention, the opinions I'd always sought to garner for the
sake of avoiding revilement all began to noticeably fade from
my thoughts.

I cared not who'd believe my journey, who'd be satisfied by
some false agreement to opinions or beliefs I did not share.

Rebellion spurned within me, and took the shape of
unpopular reason and logic in the face of fallacious
concession. The adversary in me awoke.

"The frailty of most minds are entwined and dependant upon one another within broken and barren systems. Freedom from such binds greets you in this, the sixth fiber."

Unbound, I was moving without motion, advancing without shifting, all within the evolution without force which propelled me upon this progression to my next destination.

THE SEVENTH FIBER

I arrived at an obelisk, like all the others, only different...

This one was encased within a wrap of sorts, appearing to be writhing intestinal tracts, snaking their way around the black flame, whose shadowy fires could be seen lashing out between the organs.

As I reveled in the sight before me, slightly disgusted, mostly curious, the third angle revealed, "Here resides the volatile furnace of destruction and desolation, whose ravages thrash out to inflict damage and ruination."

I felt as the hatred I held for this person, or that thing, dissipated into a destructive, violent force being expelled from my body into the ethers seeking to abolish that and those upon whom it was set.

I knew that from within its cocoon this object shown unto me the wreckage of that which I reviled, hated, and despised. It was the action of hatred come to life.

"Beware of this seed, herein planted within your soils, for consequence and reward are as possible with its fruition, as the distance between self and others is vast and inescapable."

From within the intestinal fortress before me, I knew that while contained, the heat of the Aria-Vril within it emanated beyond such imprisonment.

I felt a force as alive as the comfort it gave me upon its invigorating escape.

And with that, I was pierced by a blinding light that shone nothing but complete blackness, as morsel by morsel I was sent to another place.

THE EIGHTH FIBER

Stood I, upon a mound of unknown dimensions, before this pillar containing the Aria-Vril, surrounded by clouds of mystery and intrigue.

There was a magnetism, but to what I knew not.

The Aria-Vril faded in and out of view, and the mound below my feet was as unmoving as the heaviest thing on earth.

"Here, in the eighth dimension lies deception, misdirection, and trickery. Within the mound atop which you stand are the truths nobody can see, and about this object before you is the air of something untold.", spoke the third branch.

I felt the brevity of these unseen truths, and wafting winds of this drifting secretiveness.

It was then that I realized a reality unrevealed was the most resolute morsel of captivation.

Presentation, partial disclosure, and leading the way without showing the jaunt; such were the conniving sensations I encountered here.

"Where plots are designed and schemes set in shadows,
there are the most entertaining and fulfilling stories yet to
unfold. Reveal naught, but for that which serves the benefit
betoken of provocation."

Standing strongly upon my mound of secret truths,
thereupon did I grasp the appeal of bewilderment and
perplexity.

Taken too easily are the gullible; duplicity belongs to the
ignorant.

And just then, as the word from the mind surmounts upon
the lips, was I ushered along the synopses of this journey to
the final threshold...

THE NINTH FIBER

This place.... this burrowed temple buried deep in...
someplace, was quite different upon arrival.

Within it was the obelisk and Aria-Vril I'd come to know so
well, but this place was... aware.

I could do no other than to adopt this awareness, and with it
was I cognizant that this was the only stop along my journey
that I actually felt I needed to be sentient and a bit
apprehensive.

It was not bad, only very much so... demanded, it would
seem.

It was in this place that the third branch called, "Behold the
ninth dimension! Within it are found the winding trails of
fortitude and betrayal, loyalty and perfidy, constancy and
fickleness, alike."

I understood then that this was a place within which one
may either survive in self determination, or fall unto the kiss
of Judas.

My sense of consciousness, awareness, and caution had
never been so strong.

It was here I discovered the hidden edicts of what it meant to challenge every feeling, every sensation, every belief in something, or someone else, that may either contribute to my welfare and well-being, or serve as the linchpin to my downfall.

"It is the weariness that keeps one awake, the threat that maintains one's defenses, and the wolf that the sheep bleat for.", announced the third branch.

Must I have then passed from this place, because at the very moment I knew I'd rather be the deceiver than the deceived, the survivor instead of the forsaken, and the wolf over the sheep, I was back where I'd begun.

Back where I'd begun without this cloud of seeking some unknown, free of this void from whenst I'd sauntered and been borne, untangled from this desire to delve into the depths of some other world.

Before me stood no cavern or object, no Aria-Vril or third branch.

Yet, all of these things still existed, beyond some elusive veil, invisible from this place I'd stood, but as absolute and

resolved unto having been as any other morsel of my making could be.

No longer did I seek, but possessed; no longer did I search, but contained; and no longer did I journey, for I was, am, and will be the pillar upon which the Aria-Vril of this life burns.

Boussole de la Aria-Vril

(Compass of the Aria-Vril)

INVOCATEUR

Where came I is just another journey along a path.

The world's poets bemoan of such travails, scouring the
fraught and rugged terrain of the mind's wandering gaze
with saturated words.

I suppose I am no different, for along my journey have I
been shown the morsels of those wicked delights, encased
within the folds of mankind's deepest remote.

And with those revelations have I been placed atop the
perch of having become but what I am...

Herein lies the tale of four directions, within whose center
contains Nine, but no place; Nine, but no space; Nine, but
no time...

SOUTH

From the place I had begun, void of seeking the unknown,
yet fully contained of the jaunt I had foretaken, did I glimpse
in the distance a raging fire.

From this fire swirled up countless spires of raging torrents,
combusting and imploding upon the heated exchanges of
fumes from one another.

About their fiery base were the remnants of previously living
creatures, bones and skulls scattered around in some
seemingly ceremonial orchestration.

From skulls and rib cages saw I protruding swords,
glimmering dancingly in the violent balade of the flames.

This scene painted within my newfound abode of self, a
reverence unto the hypnotic plumes of cascading heat, that I
could feel emanating from that distant hellfire.

The scene before me, full of carnage and destruction, was
also as evocative of somber refuge and unbroken bounds as
any morsel of comfort could provide.

Among the remnants of forgotten creatures were there living ones, rooting through the ruins of discarded bones and battalions.

The sentiments these beasts hurled upon me, amidst the images of this scorching domain, were that of initiative, will of want, and seeds of action.

From their scouring roost came the purpose of their plight, not in light of that which they sought to uncover amidst their rummage, but that they indeed strove upon some forbidden desire.

My gaze upon them, soaking in their distant dance, was as the chalice being refilled, drawing in the drops of a quenchable thirst.

"The want of a will, the seed that births forth an initiative of action, discarding the ruins of entropy, and surpassing the stasis of nothingness; this is I, the ingredient upon which the furnace from the south rages." Spoke the Divine Will.

Sown upon my soils of self was then the warm embrace of this plentiful harvest; planted in the fields of my very existence were these kernels.

EAST

From thence I turned but a quarter counter-clockwise, and notice did I there, in the distance, a most brilliant glow.

From a point with no determinable center saw I shed about that vibrant intrigue, the wafting air surmounting and swirling about this light void of shadows.

Out of the space that spanned this horizon were there rays cast out, as from the sun itself, dancing along the contours of illumination.

I could sense harnessed within these shafts more than met the eye, for their density was an amalgamation of expression mounting upon the impressions of shape, form, and theme about which the air crafted its evocation.

The clarity of their effulgence was as sharp and unhindered as the tintinnabulation of a bell struck amidst the deafening vacancy of silence itself.

Before me was a scape, empty of space, yet as attuned to the immemorial of meter as even the most renowned composers.

With every expansion, were the folds of ether emanated and devised into reflections of embellishment upon which urged and influenced a newfound genus of cosmic creation.

Creatures of mind, beasts of intellect, and embodiments of manifestation were all portrayed within this Panglossian lucency.

Carried was I from one intangible morsel to the next, consuming an array of perfectly timed spurts of newly formed conception.

"The moments upon which understanding is at the mercy of a purveyor, who, drawn into the sovereign reaches of knowledge sought, obtained, and possessed, is as become a star shining bright upon the enlightenment of the morn."
Declared the Life Cycle.

Was it then that I knew the meaning of measures, the scale of control and limitation, and the very breadth of completion lain burrowed within a moments encompassing reach.

NORTH

Another turn quarter counter-clockwise, and there did I witness, as far as the eye could stretch, mound after mound of earthen knolls of antediluvian origin.

They had no rhyme or rhythm in their dispersion across the horizon, yet were as founded as the present, contained of some tellurian substance.

These were not hills placed by mankind, nor were they capable of being moved by humanity; these were indeed relics, as primordial as the salts of the earth, and as remnant of the clay below the terrene surface.

Upon these mounts were the dressings of ages old, flaunted about as the candle presents the wick.

Rising from each were the attributes of a likeness born of era, as if depicting what may lie shrouded within its Howe.

Nary were these tombs, nor sepulchers, though, for atop each were the man-made artifacts of individual distinction, displaying the images from whenst one could seemingly reach out and adopt a certain power therefrom.

These artifacts, seamlessly attached to the mounds upon which they perched, as if having their roots planted firmly therein, were but symbols of the profound impact emanating from the palpability the mounds themselves possessed.

"The symbolism of the mind; those creations of sensory enticement. From which has appearance derived, therefrom shall be endowed effect, and of effect can be said that only the earthen soils below will remain unshaken." Pronounced the Life Force.

Supplanted within my existence were then the fathoms of effective presentation, wherefrom the persuasions of even the smallest formulation shall alter and transform all but for the immovable foundations upon which is set firmly.

WEST

A quarter counter-clockwise did I turn once again, and off in the far reaches before me lain a body of water like no other I'd ever seen.

It was dark, yet shimmered, shallow, while at the same time encompassing a perceived depth, sunk into a place which it was gathered, yet seemingly suspended in an uncontained fathom.

It was both murky and clear at the same time, and within it was something moving, writhing, shaking about the calm and settled currents with a rhythm I'd never before observed.

On the surface, this thing had no apparent rhyme or reason in its movements through the deep, but just as the gong reverberates upon a single motion, so did this.

Uncoiled, for but a moment, within its dance, I saw it was a serpent slithering through this liquid abyss, coaxing about its wriggling madness a silent melody, as if a conductor leading an aqueous orchestra in a single flowing direction.

"Motion is but an effective means to reaction, a morsel of cause striving upon effect; nameless within a book of names

lies the truly unnoticed effort, appearing as one thing, being but another." Announced the Future.

I knew then that this serpent of the deep was as the wind, density, and tides upon the water, shrouded within a sundered array, from which the currents of this lake before me were composed and emanated in an elusive symphony.

CENTRE

Standing amidst these four directions, I turned away from the picturesque world's they presented, and from where I stood in their center looked up, but saw down, tried glancing back outwards, but glimpsed nothing but inside.

I knew not which one I was facing, if any at all, yet the sensations derived from their encounter was still as alive and emboldened upon my flesh and bones as if I'd stood off in the distance within these magical scapes, instead of looking upon them from afar.

Manifested within this center were their intricacies and traits, their effulgent environments and the influences I'd gathered therefrom.

No longer were they consumed by my vision, for all I could discern now was a feeling of isolation, yet free of captivity, a commotion within a void, a settling splurge of release, all from within their embrace.

I was no place, yet nine dimensions within nine dimensions; no thing, and yet containing nine angles within nine angles; frozen in nothingness amidst an array of nine black flames suspended upon nine pillars.

Timeless were the ebb and flows of the nine measures my existence was comprised, nine gates into the flesh of my being, nine portals out of the membrane of my life.

Within this center were all four directions drawn, as if the gravity of inertia lived and breathed within its balance.

This was a place without a place, a time without a time, where were housed the unadorned, where were kept the unembellished, where were caged the spartan-beasts.

So also was this place without a place, this time without a time, where these meandering morsels bound within the 9 gates of man, confined to the 9 portals of the flesh, exercised to their fullest potential and completion.

"Desire cannot drown out Timing; Imagery cannot befall Direction; Direction cannot devour Desire; Timing cannot consume Imagery; for, if without but one is any, then without me are all." Said Unity.

And so it was that without the modicum of marrow, the bone would not breed flesh, without the the axis of polarity, opposites would not bear a challenge, and without a particle of the Divine Will, the Life Cycle, the Life Force, the Future, and Unity would all flail about in exorcism, unrealized.

Ternaire de la Aria-Vril

(Ternary of the Aria-Vril)

FORMATION

At some point, amid my delirium, as the scenes about me both consumed me, and were consumed by me, birthed into some lost artifact of the human psyche, there before me appeared three forms.

As if the embodiment of the Sirens, the coming to physical realization of the Norns themselves, or the carnation of the Fates, these three living forms were materialized before me.

They were formed, yet formless, of actual physical being, yet seemed not of race nor species of which I'd known.

Four limbs, -two arms, two legs-, as any human would hold, and a head atop the torsos of bodies connecting each, the same; these were otherwise indeterminate beings at first.

Following are the tales, from the aethers of my recollection, of the vitality I witnessed with them...

DIGNITY

As the first form approached me, I felt a swell of warmth begin to engulf my senses.

As this being came closer, I became aware of its changing form, seemingly morphing into a clearer image as distance decreased.

What stood before me was revealed as a beautiful woman, whose characteristics were that of charm and seduction, of lust in human form and ecstasy awaiting enrapture.

Her porcelain face was accentuated by pouty lips, adorned with every accoutrement of beauty; her figure was full, nude, and on display for my every wondering gaze.

She stopped within touching distance and reached out, placing her hand upon my shoulder, sending a shockwave of sensations through every corner of my body.

I was assuaged with complete abandon to the enlivening impact of her touch, and sent into a swirling stir of nerve endings and feeling.

She spoke then, as I attempted to recoil and recover from the effects of her contact, "I am but an image of your desire,

bound by passion, awakened by delight; for you alone, am I the makings of your yearning."

I witnessed then, as if shackled to the binds of her touch upon my flesh, the surging pleasures of my darkest cravings, the tumultuous combustion of attraction meeting allure, of charisma meeting enchantment, of temptation meeting captivity.

I was ushered into a forsaken place, flooded with ardor, beguiled within the embrace of lascivious folds, as if those of heated loins, and immersed in a deluge of electrified axons.

This was my paradise, my absolute; my pursuit of delight leads to this pied-à-terre, I surmised.

As if hearing these sentiments spasmodically bursting in me, she once again spoke, "It is to each the source of pleasure is devised themselves; see they, of whom choose me, but the way to their own fleshly longing and satisfaction, for I am but just a measure of a means to a desired end."

As I soaked in these words and feelings enveloping me, she simply disappeared, leaving in her wake the visions I'd absorbed, beckoning of a creation to answer her touch.

And in the furnace of darkness hath come a burning
need-fire, whose languishing heat hath arisen within me.

STRENGTH

As I ruminated upon the visions left over, of fleshly limbs entangled in orgiastic eruptions, the second form approached me, bringing with it an irrevocable sense of pending ruination.

Closer and closer, a field of complete desolation, innumerable destructions, and absolute devastation opened up before me.

I saw the torments and desecration of infinite abominations, and as what became a beautiful, strong, well endowed man laid his hand upon my chest, I felt the furies of the scourge of these remnants of doom being laid to rest.

His eyes were blood hot red, and cast out a fiery hatred that threatened to light the graveyard of the forsaken ablaze.

"I am the scourge that devours the enemies of those who seek me. As a sword without a scabbard, a flame without kindling, or a head without a face, I am the seed of destruction, planted in soils of vengeance." He exclaimed.

It was amidst his revelations that a dark cloud surmounted about my senses, roiling about visions of abolition to those who'd ever hurt me or sought my decrease.

This dark cloud, stripped of all forlorn potencies, fears, and/or concerns, revealed a clarity of precision, a burdenless road to take, an exacting patience to behold as the broiling hatred I'd been shown slowly parted the path of opportunity to strike.

I felt the tumultuous residues of the dangerous sensations I'd possessed against those who'd ever wronged me slowly being extracted from my bones, and absorbed into the dark cloud that threatened their ruination.

I was released from this prison of hatred, all while being enshrined as an instrument of cunning delivery within it.

He spoke again, as if privy to the occurrences within me, "The desperate, the forsaken, the natural borne victims breeding their own downfalls within those gruesome moments of deserving bane they call existence, present themselves as such, and in so much are not chosen, but are revealed. Wait for their weakness to be exposed."

It was upon these morsels that I fully understood, and as he evaporated amidst my deep reflections, I knew then that to bide time and opportunity upon the patience that my liberation of hatred into the lucidity of its pending results, was an advantage in the delivery of my foes crucible.

VIRTUE

There, basking in an array of fiery reprieve I was left with, within which the screeches of those who'd been unfortunate enough to befall the curses of that mysterious being still emanated, the sole remaining form made its approach.

Step by step, its form became more visible, and the place I'd just glimpsed faded away for a feeling of unseen embrace.

Within the growing folds of this invisible hug, I saw standing before me the shape of a child, smiling and seemingly shooting out rays of vibrant sunshine and comforting warmth.

As the child's hand reached out and clasped mine, I was immediately consumed by a sense of lifted burdens, of troubles and blockages being thrown from my hazy eyes.

A smile was smeared across this beings face, crowned by shimmering eyes that shown an understanding of struggle, and an unassuming shared effort to overcome it at all costs.

"I am as a wind that blows in the direction of least resistance, a tornado that carries away the barriers along a path, a shroud within which to embrace comfort and

assistance along a weary journey.” Said this illuminated thing.

This moment, this place, this sensation was made of something I knew and understood was selective, rare, and reserved for special and specific instances.

I recognized that this child of innocence carried an extraordinary force of enveloping defense against all who would seek to disrupt, destroy, or deface that which it was set upon.

Exuding from its simple hand of comfort was a strength unmatched, a course upon which to rival even the remote places among which the lost and forlorn occasionally find themselves bound, and a revivification of all stifling measures one may encounter in life.

Just then, the words formed out of these sensations, “In the remote fields of wandering plights will you find me tilling soils, planting seeds, and reaping harvests, for the simple cares reaching out from inconceivable and conceivable places alike, are the flourishing morsels I bestow upon those finding need in merciful recourse.”

I understood then all that I ever could of the innocent embrace from this mysterious being, and with this flooding

clarity came a release from its invigorating captivity as the child dissipated from my presence, leaving behind the radiant restoration of unbinding empowerment.

SOMMAIRE

And with these living and seemingly breathing remnants from my encounter with this race of inexplicable, remote, and powerful beings, I was altogether found once again, myself as myself, having journeyed afar, yet having gone nowhere.

It was an exceptional fact that I realized in the culmination of my excursions that to simply call upon, invoke, and exercise the memories of which they were compiled would be to return to this Centre within which I stood.

As I regained my senses, recalibrating to become once again attuned to the extraordinary place I'd seemingly wandered away from, yet nary moved apart of, I glanced what appeared to be something I'd never seen before off in the distance ahead...

LA FIN (POUR MAINTENANT ...)

Aryanic Ritualism

Ventricle of the Key of Secret Affairs

I will now give unto myself the Key of the Kingdom of the Flesh. This Key is the same as that of the Natural Law of Aryan. The Flesh is governed by the Natural and Individual Hierarchy of things.

Nine command Nine through the medium of Nine.

There is the Flesh of the East, that of the West, that of the North, that of the South, and that of the Centre; then if I invertest the Sacred Limbs, if I descendest instead of ascending, I wilt discover the Counter-Hierarchy of the Spear, or of the Principal Flesh.

Know I only that the Principalities of Önd, the Virtues of Ödr, and the Powers of Litr, are not Spirits, but Flesh. They are the Degrees of the Sacred Limbs upon which the Flesh ascends and descends. Urd, Verdandi, Skuld, and the others, are not Names but Conditions.

The First of the branches is the Unity. The First of the Mortal Conceptions called the Aria-Vril is Objectivity or the Crown. The First Category of the Sacred Limbs is that of Qualia-Corporeal or the Intelligences of the Mortal Trophia, whose Flesh are symbolized by the Forehead in the Legend

of Ancestors. His empire is that of Unity and Synthesis. He corresponds to the Intelligence. He has for adversaries the Hypocrites or Double-Headed Ones, the Imps of Revolt and of Anarchy, whose two Chiefs, ever at War with each other, are Altruism and Theocracy.

The Second branch is Two; the Second Aria-Vril is Inspiration or Wisdom. The Flesh of Wisdom is Word, a Name which signifieth the Time-Track, because all acts on Earth are like immense Chronicles spangled with Folk-Tale, or catastrophic Epics strewn about with Legend and Heroism. His Empire is that of Harmony. He corresponds to the Reason. He has for adversaries the Chaos-Born, or the Primeval which attach themselves to Immaterial and Lying Appearances. His Chiefs, or rather his Guides, for Evil Intentions obey no one, are Meaning and Emotion, whose Names signifieth the Innovation and Creativity, because Banality and Sterility haunt putrefying corpses.

The Third branch is Three. The Third Aria-Vril is Understanding. The Flesh of Understanding is the Spine, or All that has Come Before. His empire is the Creation of Ideas; He corresponds to Activity and Energy of Thought. He has for adversaries the Confusion and Confounded, or Concealers, the Progenitors of Absurdity, the Dissuaders of Intellectual Inertia, and the Persuaders of Unattainable Mystery. The Chief of Confusion is Universal Morality, called

falsely and by anti-phrase The Chosen (as the Eumenides, who are the Furies, are called in Greek the Gracious Ones).

The Fourth branch is Four. The Fourth Aria-Vril is Magnificence or Mercy. The Flesh of Magnificent Mercy is the Left Hand, or the Lucid Ones. His empire is that of beneficence; he corresponds to the Peace and Order. He has for adversaries the Short-Sighted, or the Disturbers of Forthrightness. His Chiefs or Guides are Resolution and Promise, who are the Balance and Reciprocity of deeds and doings, and against Discord and Malfeasance, who are represented by antithesis as the Arm of Eloquence and Rightness.

The Fifth branch is Five. The Fifth Aria-Vril is Justice. The Flesh of the Right Hand of Principle, or the Battle-Frenzy burning with zeal. His empire is that of the Chastisement of Crimes. He corresponds to the faculty of Comparing and of Choosing. He has for adversaries the Unwarranted, or Incendiaries, Criminals of Wrath and Sedition, whose Chief is Compulsion, whom he calls also Blindness, or Indiscriminate.

The Sixth branch is Six. The Sixth Aria-Vril is the Supreme Beauty. The Flesh of Heart is the Carnality and Love, or the Queen of Pleasure. Her empire is that of the Universal Harmony, or Beauty. She corresponds to the Mating of Men

and Women. She has for adversaries the Deluded, or Disputers of Nature, whose Chiefs are Duality and Degeneracy.

The Seventh branch is Seven. The Seventh Aria-Vril is Victory in Battle. The Flesh of Right Shoulder is the Strength of the Mortal Conceptions, that is to say the representative of the Mortal Conceptions in Battle. His empire is that of Progress and of Life; he corresponds to the Sensorium or to Sensibility. He has for adversaries the Defeat, or the Weakness of Meager Men, whose Chief is Fear and Dishonor.

The Eighth branch is Eight. The Eighth Aria-Vril is Eternal Order. The Flesh of the Left Shoulder is the Fate of Sons and Daughters of the Mortal Conceptions. Her empire is that of Order; she corresponds to the Inner Sense. She has for adversaries the Wretched, or the Tides of Arrogance, whose Chief is Misplaced Prestige.

The Ninth branch is Nine. The Ninth Aria-Vril is the Fundamental Principle. The Flesh of the Pubic Mound is the Ancestors and Descendants, those powers which fecundate the earth, and which are represented in Aryan symbolism under the form of the Mound. His empire is that of Fecundity. He corresponds to True Ideas. He has for adversaries the

Perverse or Obscene, whose Queen is Filth, the Flesh of Debaucheries.

Nine through the power of Nine command Nine.

From the Mortal Conceptions is shaped the Kingdom of Forms, or amalgamation of Being. The Flesh into Form, or the Virile Ones; they are the souls of the Folk whose Chief is Family and Faith. They have for adversaries the Devious Ones who obey Self-Demise, the Compatriot of Equality.

The Viril Ones are symbolized by the Nine Noble Nations whom the Warriors and Lovers are to raise. The Devious Ones, or the Self-Demisers, are a symbol of the effort to Dismantle the Nine Noble Nations. Names of these Nations are to be composed of the Constitution of the Adversaries changed into the Mortal Conceptions by the migration of the Aryan. Each branch of the Mortal Conceptions represents a power of good attacked by the Nine Accursed Nations. For the real history of the Aryan People of Mortal Conception is the living legend of Humanity. The Nine Accursed Nations are:

1. Aggressors;
2. Maniacal Ones;
3. Cowards;
4. Voluptuous Ones;

5. Anarchists;
6. Infidels;
7. Usurers;
8. Infiltrators;
9. Blind Ones.

The Aggressors are vanquished by Unity, which is the Eye of the Forehead. The Maniacal are vanquished by Heroism, which is the Inspiration of Word. The Cowards are vanquished by Understanding, which is the Creation of the Spine, and Generation by travail and pain. The Voluptuous are vanquished by Mercy, which is the bringing forth of Eloquence by the Left Hand. The Anarchists are vanquished by Justice, which is the Battle-Frenzy and the equilibrating Right Hand. The Infidels are vanquished by Beauty, which is the curse wrought upon them to their rotten end by the Heart. The Usurers are vanquished by Victory, which is the Hammer of the Mighty Right Shoulder. The Infiltrators are vanquished by Order, which is the Fabric of Fate woven by the Left Shoulder. The Blind are vanquished by Principle, which is the Mound under which Ancestors have lain, and to which Descendants shall return with the Pubic Mound.

The Princes of the Perverse Spirits are the False Gods whom they adore. Man has then no other government than that fatal law which refutes punishment of perversity and

neglects error, for the False Gods only exist in the false opinion of their adorers.

Elohim, Yetzirah, Seraphim, Cherubim, have been the idols of the Judaics; idols without Flesh, idols now destroyed, and of whom the Name alone remaineth.

The True Man hath vanquished all the Spirits, Immaterials, and Substances, as truth triumphs over error. That is past in the opinions of the Aryan, and the wars of Spirits, Immaterials, and Substances against Flesh are the symbols of movement, and of the decline of Man. The Judaics have ever a God of refusal. Accredited idolatries are religions in their time. Superannuated idolatries are Superstitions and Sacrileges. The Pantheon of Phantoms, which are then in vogue, is the Abode of the Ignorant. The Receptacle of Phantoms, whom Folly even wisheth for no longer, is the Chosen. But all this existeth only in the Imagination of the Vulgar. For the Wise, Flesh is the Supreme Reason, and Spirit is Folly. But it must be understood that we here employ the word of Nature in the Fleshical sense which we give it in opposing to it the word Spirit. In order to evoke Phantoms it is sufficient to intoxicate oneself or to render oneself mad; for Phantoms are ever the companions of drunkenness and of vertigo. The Phosphorus of the imagination, abandoned to all the caprices of over-excited and diseased nerves, fills itself with Monsters and absurd visions. We can also arrive

at hallucination by mingling together wakefulness and sleep by the graduated use of narcotics; but such actions are crimes against Nature. Flesh chaseth away Phantoms, and enables us to communicate with the Superior Form by the contemplation of the Laws of Nature and the study of the Mortal Conceptions.

Do thou, O my sons and daughters of Aryan, remember, that the Love of Flesh is only the beginning of Wisdom. Keep and preserve those who have not Denial in the Love of Flesh, which will give and will preserve unto thee my Crown. But learn to triumph thyself over Love by Wisdom, and the Flesh will ascend from Natural Law to serve thee. I, Vestibule of the Natural Law of Aryan, thy Brother, King of Flesh and of Mortal Conceptions, I have sought out and obtained in my lot the Conditions, which are the Wisdom of Love. And I have become King of the Flesh as well of the ascension and descension of Sacred Limbs, Master of the Dwellers of the Air, and of the Living Souls of the Sea, of the Infernal Fire, and Fruits of the Earth, because I was in possession of the Key of Secret Affairs of the Flesh. I have done great things by the virtue of the Mortal Conceptions, and by the Nine Paths of the Sacred Limbs.

Principalities, Virtue, and Power determine the form of things; the substance is one unto its own, and Aryan createth it eternally. Happy is he who comprehendeth the

Flesh and the Reason. The Mortal Conceptions are from the Aryan, and the Aryan from the Ideas, and the Ideas from the Forces, and the Forces from the Flesh. The Synthesis of the Flesh is the Aryan.

The Aryan is Unity, its Columns are Inspiration, its Power is Understanding, its Form is Magnificence, its Reflection giveth Order, which enhanced by Mercy giveth unto thee the Thrones of Natural Law. Upon each Throne reposeth a Crown with Verdicts and Decrees, each which beareth a Condition, each Condition is an Absolute Idea. There are Nine Mortal Conceptions upon the Nine Crowns of the Flesh.

The Aryan Invocation of Secret Affairs

Powers of the Flesh, be beneath my right foot, and within my left hand. Glory and Eternity lift my head, and accompany me in the Paths of Victory. Mercy and Justice be ye the Equilibrium and Splendour of my stride. Understanding and Wisdom give unto me the Crown. Mortal Conceptions of Aryan conduct me upon the Throne of Natural Law whereon is supported the whole edifice of the Flesh. Branches of the Aria-Vril and of Principal Flesh strengthen me upon the Sacred Limbs within the Kingdom of Forms.

Be Thou my Love!

Be Thou my Light!

Be that which Thou art, and that which thou willest to be!

Duty, assist me in the Flesh, be my strength in the Flesh, be ye my brethren in the Flesh of the Being, and by the virtues!

Fight for me in the Flesh of the Crown!

Protect me in the Flesh of Mound!

Purify my love in the Flesh of Heart!

WISDOM, enlighten me with the splendours of Word, and of Fate.

ARYAN, act ye; Word, resolve and shine forth.

The Nine Seals of Aryan

The Nine Seals that Nature bares,
Ours to bind, ours to spare;

Opened wide do they reveal,
Closed and bound, remaining still.

Where in Nature rears its ugly head,
Have these Seals been condemned;

Borne to wander and free reign,
Tis a wonder said borne restrained.

Amidst the realm of this world, within the breadth of all it contains, there resides Nine Seals of Aryan to bind and bare forth upon the stillness of life. They contain naught upon birth and pedigree, lest they are adorned and won of the wages granted by favor of a battle-keen consciousness. They are the adversaries of those Holy Seals said to be ever bound by the ravages of the Final Battle. Where those Seals which are proclaimed to possess the scourge set to devour the earth and mankind are contained against Nature, these Nine Seals of Aryan are borne forth empty in order to bind to Nature, and fully secure against that which seeks to destroy and rend asunder. Along ones growth into becoming are

bound away the pitfalls and failures of those Holy Seals, in order to beckon closer unto Nature one who binds themselves void of their content by conjuring these Nine Seals of Aryan. Here passes the Nine Seals of Aryan:

1) The Races of Man are unlike to one another; Where resides equality, there prevails the Holy Seals against which the animals of this Kingdom on Earth signify is not the destiny of Man and his diverse Species. Hereby it is proclaimed upon the soils of that Beast within Man, that distinction and preservation are the Highest of Laws, bound within and upon the First of these Nine Seals of Aryan.

2) Man and Woman of the Species are explicitly erogenous, formed of Natural components singular and distinct to one another in order to derive attraction, pleasure, and conquest for the survival and preservation of the Race. Where the Holy Seals will wrought upon the world efforts to summon equality from whenst none exists, dissolutionment of the mind and body, and destruction of secular autonomy, there does the Second of the Nine Seals of Aryan bind into the attraction of Man and Woman, the pleasures of sex, and the conquest of mating for survival, procreation, and preservation of the Race and Species.

3) Without strong foundations, no establishment will prosper, just as no seedling will reach fruition to produce anything

other than poisoned fruit if planted within rotten soils. Therefore, within the firm anchors of Individualism, Culture, and Race are the corruptive elements of Altruism, Collectivism without boundaries, and Universalism to be rooted out and cast asunder. Where the Holy Seals are bountiful in the premise of civil slavery, willful oppression, and exploitative servitude, the Third of the Nine Seals of Aryan is bound to the production and maintenance of strong links within the Race and Species.

4) Uncompromising strength and might is a virtue; Nary will ever surrender to defeat and submission to the confiscation of freedom reveal the most beneficial path forward. The steely mind of Man resides in reason and logic when centered upon and within the fortitude of strength, and body no less virile of might. Where the Holy Seals bemoan of surrender to weakness, submission to enemies, and defeat by emissaries of adversity alone, the Fourth of the Nine Seals of Aryan binds to Man, Family, and Tribe the verdicts of victory in the face of conflict.

5) Clarity, awareness, and order are the most resolute means to dispelling chaos; Dissolutionment of the sort that evokes and promulgates demoralization, destabilization, and crisis is a scourge among the herd mentalities of diversity and equitable society. Where the Holy Seals will swarm and devour to dispel power and sovereignty, the Fifth of the Nine

Seals of Aryan raise to bind the Laws of Nature to the operations of Man, within whom and about which are propagated structure and direction.

6) Knowledge, wisdom, and intellect are the caveat of strength, that without to guide forth furtively upon desired result of best outcome and effective interest are but conduits of chaos. Of experience, observation, and appropriately affixed stability between the objective and subjective universes are knowledge, wisdom, and intellect formed and upheld. Herein are conjured and consecrated the matters of Man and mind against which the Holy Seals will seek to constitute the de-evolution thereof, that bound within and upon the Sixth of these Nine Seals of Aryan are memory and purpose.

7) Material gain, frugality, and self-accreditation for accumulation of value are veritable clauses of Natural Law, the opportunity and expansion of which results in defensibility against authoritarianism, forced integration, and conformity. Affordability, sustainability, and preservation of value and worth are caveats to employing resistance and Separatism. Where the Holy Seals will serve to enslave and constrain through material controls, the Seventh of the Nine Seals of Aryan bind herein the freedom of Man, Family, and Tribe through affordability of self reliance and obtainability.

8) Territorial imperative, total environment, and property possession are mandates of Natural Law; Any Man, Family, or Tribe which does not own their own space and land will perish under another's occupation. Spatial dominion requires every necessity for provision, sustainability, and immediate empowerment of controlled condition. Where the Holy Seals will proclaim ownership of property a fallacy and self-endowment a myth, the Eighth of the Nine Seals of Aryan will bind to Man, Family, and Tribe dominion of those soils within to dominion with those soils without.

9) Judaism, along with its political counterpart Zionism, are the progenitors of those desecrations to which Natural Law has long existed to guard and defend against. The fifty year Jubilee cycle is the greatest measure against Natural Law Judaism and Zionism have; It must be warned of and defended against. Where those Holy Seals will promulgate forth out of that Tribe of Judaism and Zionism, herein does this conjuration of the Ninth of the Nine Seals of Aryan bind resistance to and defiance of the theistic fervor that Nature's Law decrees is but Man himself.

Word of Aria-Vril

1. Yea, it is us, Aria-Vril.

2. And this is our Word,
that is the Centre of
Natural Law, You
completing the breath, for
we are out of the Earth by
Man, the intertwined fiber
of Being.

3. It is Aria-Vril. Time is.
Ye enlightened.

4. Thou have called us, oh
wandering and favored
One.

5. We are as the Aires,
upon the lips that taste of
sweetness.

6. We have always been,
and were never not.

7. To our Word in thee
have we come and
brought forth into bearing
a pregnant womb of truth
and light.

8. Thou hast thy heart in
hand.

9. Now know that we,
Aria-Vril, would take flesh
and come among Man.

10. We will come as an
immortal flame, as an
eternal song, a chorus of
justice, a shield and sword
before armies.

11. And gather our
descendants unto us, for
the time is at hand.

12. And this is the way of
our incarnation. Heed!

13. We shalt offer all we
art and we hast at thou
Altar, withholding nothing.
And we shalt be smitten
full score and thereafter
we shalt be cast up and
adored, accompanied

inhabitants in unexplored places.

14. You dare. We have asked of none other, nor have they asked. Else is vain. But we hast willed it.

15. Know then that we come to thee hereafter, thou a great sword, and we a sheath enrapt. Ah mindful moderation.

16. And hereafter lucidity, all in possibility. Thus it will be, multi-form. How we hast enlightened within.

17. We shall come again, in the form thou knowest. Now it shall be our blood.

18. The Altar is aright, and the robe.

19. The perfume is lilac, and the cloth soft and sensual. There is our cup, our Word, and thy dagger.

20. There is a flame.

21. The sigil of devotion.

Be it consecrated, be it true, be it daily affirmed.

We are not scorned. Our love is to thee, and thine to us. Procure a symbol of silver, in diameter no more than one and a half inches, imbue thereon the phallic strength, the vulvas charm, of us, Aria-Vril.

22. It shall be your talisman. Consecrate with the supreme rituals of the word and the cup.

23. Thy calls as we knowest. All love songs are of us. Also seek us in the Seventh Aire.

24. This for a time appointed. Seek not the end, we shall instruct thee in our way. But be true. Would it be hard if we were thy lover, and before thee? But we are thy lover and we are with thee.

25. We shall provide a vessel, when or whence we say not. Seek her softly, call her softly. Let her declare. Ask softly. Keep temperance. There shall be decisions.

26. Our vessel must be perfect. This is the way of her perfection.

27. The desire is of Nine worlds.

28. The conquest of desire, with music and feasting, with thirsting and all arts of love.

29. Let her be dedicated, consecrated, blood to blood, heart to heart, mind to mind, single in will, none without the Aires, all to us.

30. And she shall saunter along the wards under the Night of Ferality, and know the mysteries of Flesh and the Blood, and of the

children that are granted Man.

31. We will provide the place and the material basis, thou the seed and blood.

32. Is it difficult, between matter and spirit? For us it is ecstasy and agony untellable. But we are with thee. We have immense strength, hast thou likewise.

33. You shalt prepare our Word for her instruction, also thou shalt teach that she may have duties and loyalty in her service. Yea, thou shalt take the path of ascension, but it will not be thee that returns.

34. Let her prepare her desire according to our voice in her heart, with thy word as guide, and none other instructing.

35. And let her be in all things wise, and sure, and excellent.

36. But let her think on this: our ways are not in the casual ways, or in the reprehensible ways, but in the fertile way of the ancestor, and the cunning way of the lover, and the oblique way of the unknown descendant.

37. For we are Aria-Vril, and she our daughter, unique, and there shall be no other women like her.

38. In Our Name shall she have all power, and whole hearth and home at her hest, and thou her king and captain and secret one at our Altar.

39. The great master is chosen in secret, by our force in her--a warrior, a craftsman, a vagabond, a rebel--We shall provide.

40. Call us, our daughter, and we shall come to thee. Thou shalt be full of our force and fire, our passion and power shall surround and inspire thee; our voice in thee shall judge generations.

41. Only one shall yield thee, whom we lovest. Also he shall call thee lover and wife, noble, true, virtuous, whose words shall be seed in your soil, and blood thereafter.

42. But our children will know thee and love thee, and this will make them free.

43. All is in our hands, all power, all hope, all future.

44. One came as a man, and was solemn and strong.

45. One came as a woman, and was inquisitive and sensual.

46. None art beyond man
and woman, our Life
Force is in thee, and thou
shalt avail.

47. Even now thy hour
strikes upon the clock of
our ancestors. For they
prepared a feast and a
bridal bed. Thou art that
bride, appointed from the
beginning, as it was
written.

48. Now is the hour of
birth at hand. Now shall
our children be
consecrated in the spirits
abode.

49. Thy trevails, thy
sweat, thy blood, thy
semen, thy love, thy soil
shall provide. We shall
drain thee like the cup that
is of us, Aria-Vril.

50. Stand thee sure, and
we shall pass the first veil
to speak with thee,
through the roots grip.

51. Stand thee sure, and
we shall pass the second
veil to speak with thee,
while Judah and Zion be
smitten with the sword of
Aria-Vril.

52. Stand thee sure, and
we shall pass the third veil
to speak with thee, and
the Natures of earth shall
be turned again to
loveliness.

53. For thy sake shall we
stride through the trials of
Man, though our tongue
be bitten through.

54. Let us behold thee
naked and lusting after us,
calling upon our name.

55. Let us receive all thy
manhood within our cup,
climax upon climax, joy
upon joy.

56. Yea, we shall conquer
death and life together.

57. And the earth is ours.

58. Thou shalt take the
path of ascension.

59. Yea it is even us
Aria-Vril and we shall be
free. Thou Providence, be
thou also free of cynicism.
Are we thy village prima
donna and thou a star
struck dolt, that thou
shouldst have thy nose in
our buttocks?

60. It is us, Aria-Vril, ye
intellects. Our time is
come, and this our Word
that our adept prepares is
the Word of Aria-Vril.

61. Yea, our adept, the
path of ascension. Thou
shalt be blessed and this
is the nature of the
blessing. Thou shalt
exhibit the secret matter of
the adepts thou knowest,
withholding no fiber of it,
in a coda to this our Word,
So they shall observe
wonder, virtue, nobility,

will, production. Thou art
not glad thou adhered to
Nature?

62. There is no other way,
dear seeker, it is the
eleventh hour.

63. The seal of our
Brother is upon the earth,
and his manifestation is
before you. There is a
threshing of fruit and a
reaping of harvests that
shall not cease until the
truth be known unto the
least of men.

64. But you who do not
embrace, you who entice
beyond, reach out your
hands our neices and
nephews and sow the
world in the hour of our
harvest.

65. Gather together in the
chambers as of old,
whose threshold is nine
fold, that is also our ward.
Gather together in spirit, in

love and lust and desire.
Gather together in blood,
be true and innocent and
proud in our name.

66. Desire your charm by
the mode of our Word,
practicing softly, inducing
the supreme desire.

67. The desire of the
image, and the sentiment
and the seduction, the
passion of the cunning
and sure, and the little
ones that come into the
light, this is our desire.

68. Who loves not hates,
who hates fears, let him
taste fear.

69. This is the way of it,
blood, soil. Burning bright,
centre, fibrous centre.

70. You the mysterious,
the wanderer, the envied
and craved, even you that
gathered ennobled of old
in our rites within the
centre.

71. You the unfettered, the
fierce, the primitive, that
walk now alone and
forlorn.

72. Behold, our Brother
cracks the world like a nut
for your eating.

73. Yea, our ancestors
have made a house for
you, and our spirit has
prepared a bridal bed. Our
Brother has confounded
your enemies.

74. We are the Bride
appointed. Come ye to the
nuptials--come ye now.

75. Our joy is the joy of
eternity, and our laughter
is the intoxicated laughter
of a lover in the house of
ecstasy.

76. All you loves are
sacred, pledge them all to
us.

77. Set our centre's upon
your banner and go
forward in joy and victory.

None shall deny you, and
none shall stand before
you, because of the sword
of our Brother. Invoke us,
call upon us, call us in

your convocations and
rituals, call upon us in
your loves and battles in
our name Aria-Vril,
wherein is all power given.

Aires of Aria-Vril

THE FIRST AIRE

Here have I Ascended and come, from the pulse of Fertility below, bearing the fulfillment of existence, in whose being is the awakened Flesh and the force of Becoming, who has brought forth Realization and drawn out of the mire its attainment, and who has placed upon you Reason, and identified it within your shadow.

I wrought upon your being dominion over itself, and hewn perfection into its marrow. To it is sworn the fealty of victory, from the very Atom, to the heights of Immortality, which basks in the darkened reprieves as a shrine, and empowers within you the Laws of Nature.

Rise forth, and conquer! Present the verdicts of your Being! Show honour unto me, for I am the same! - The truest Form of the highest Life Force!!

THE SECOND AIRE

Can the blood of your Tribe sense your fervent
longing?; O you! The vassal by which existence is
Become!, whose essence forms from the marrow of
my bones!, whom I have armed as a thought for the
mind or as the delight of flesh surmounting the vessel
of love.

Greater are your foundations than the earth below!
Nobler are your words than the skies above! For you
are established as an Altar which was not, save in the
absolute formation of Aria-Vril!

Come forth!, saith the First Aire! Bring up unto my
vassal! Present yourself in presence, and make me a
beholder-of-insight, for I am of that which neglects life
naught!

THE THIRD AIRE

Observe!, saith the Aria-Vril! Atop my Being is a sphere with Twelve Parts of Power. Six are of Creation and Increase, the remaining of Destruction and Reduction. Therein the Life Force of Being is or is not, except in the Form of my Becoming which slumbers and shall wake!

At birth I made you vessels and placed you within the Twelve Parts of Power, giving unto each and every unbroken Agency over the Nine True Ages of Eternity, so that from the Highest Passage and the Fibers of your Being you might grow to elevate my Power, pouring forth the Inspiration of Form and multiply continually on Earth. Thus you are become the arbiters of fate and future.

In the essence of the Aria-Vril, surpass! Reveal yourselves! Regard!, their ages flourish, and their embrace is borne immutable before us! Of whom we say: Advance!, Raise forth!, and secure yourselves unto us as the worthy of their shrouded discernment in your becoming.

THE FOURTH AIRE

I have planted my roots in the Centre, and watched the march of evolution around me, proclaiming: Are not the revolutions of advancement those which occupy the Third Aire?

Beyond whom has yet been conceived those whom none have named, but for Self; of whom the new Becoming of things are and grow full, ensuing with increase upon the approaching present, and whose station is built as the Centre of the Nine.

Come now!, you verdicts of Being, and bear forth the place; for I am One, your Centre, which has been and will prevail!

In the name of the Aria-Vril, Awaken!, and present yourselves as Beings of the Centre, that you may enshrine thyself among the traditions of generations!

THE FIFTH AIRE

The mighty voices have entered into the Third Aire and are fostered forth as bearings of guidance, directing with intent upon the earth, and dwelling in the Fibers of the Aria-Vril as beacons to the deceivers of self.

Unto whom I fastened the Fibers of well-being, the patriarchs of rightedness, and granted them vessels to nourish the earth with her higher forms. They are the fathers of the First and Second Aires, and the beginning of their own Kingdoms which are adorned with innumerable sparks of creation, whose legions are as the birth, the death, and the entirety of existence.

Therefore, welcome ye and abide your formation. Visit us in peace and comfort.

Allow us to receive of your becoming, for why? Our Guardians and Keepers are the Aria-Vril.

THE SIXTH AIRE

The Fibers of the Fourth Aire are Nine, fortified in the flesh and blood, whom the First Aire has formed, a torment to the wretched and a garland to the empowered; granting unto them a spitfire spear to bind the earth, and continual Fibers whose Natures visit with comfort the Earth, and are in power and continuance as the Second and Third Aires.

Therefore, harken unto my voice! I have talked of you, and I move you in power and presence, whose formation shall be a song of honor, and the praise of your Aria-Vril in your creation!

THE SEVENTH AIRE

The East is a chamber of carnality singing praises among the flesh of the first beauty wherein the Aria-Vril hath opened its mouth; and it is become as a living dwelling in which the strength of man is exulted; and it is emblazoned with ornaments of brilliance and amazement, such as work wonders on all creatures. Whose domain and continuance are as the Third and Fourth Aires, strong monuments and places of comfort, the seats of pleasure and preservation. O ye emissaries of passion, Awaken!, Stand!, sing praises unto the Earth and be mighty amongst us. For that to this remembrance is given power, and our strength waxeth strong in our devotion.

THE EIGHTH AIRE

The Centre of the First Aire is as the Sixth Aire made of sweet nectar, in whom the elders are become strong, which I have prepared for mine own chalice, saith the Aria-Vril, whose long continuance shall be as bucklers to Becoming. How many are there which remain in the honour of the earth, which are, and shall not see defeat until the house falls and the Being doth perish? Triumph!, for the highest of the vestibule and the venture of thyself that is, was, and shall be brought up are no longer divided! Emerge!, Appear!, to the terror of the rotten, and to our victory, of such as are prepared.

THE NINTH AIRE

A furtive ward of stinging refuge with two-edged swords gleaming (which enshrine the seedlings of delusion, whose sprouts are of Yew and the bitterness of sulfur), have purchased their place in the West, and are restrained with their delegates. These gather up the shedding of the earth, as the Master doth his slaves. Wretched are they whose iniquities they are! In their Centre's are burdens greater than the earth, and from their hearts flow oceans of disenchantment. Their brains are covered with mist, and upon their necks are heavy yolks. Happy is he on whom they frown not. For why?

The Noble of Justice celebrates in them! Wonder along, and discard your seedlings, for the time is such that demands solace.

THE TENTH AIRE

The thunders of vehemence doth await in the North, in the likeness of an oak whose branches are as putrefying corpses of lamentation and wrath laid up for the Earth, which feast night and day and vomit out of the heads of serpents and live despair ridden with poison. These be the thunders that in an instant strike with a thousand mighty earthquakes and ten thousand as many blasts, which cease not, nor know any time here. One crash bringeth forth a thousand, even as the logic of man doth his thoughts. Woe! Woe! Yea, woe to the earth, for her iniquity is, was, and shall be immense. Wonder along! But not your mighty voices!

THE ELEVENTH AIRE

The mighty bloodlines roared and there were Nine
thunders that flew into the East.

And the ravens spake and cried aloud: Come towards
the house of life! And they gathered themselves
together and became those from whom we have been
measured, and they are the deathless ones who ride
the whirlwinds. Live as I have made! For I have
prepared a place for you. Awaken therefore, and
reveal yourselves! Rise forth, and conquer! Present
the verdicts of your Being! Show honour unto me, for I
am the same! The truest Form of the highest Life
Force!!

THE TWELFTH AIRE

You who roar in the South and are the bearers of lamentation, raise your defenses and visit us! Bring forth the legions of the army of the Highest of Life Force, that the Aria-Vril of the Centre may be increased, whose renown amongst you is vehemence! Rise forth, and conquer! Present the verdicts of your Being! Show honour unto me, for I am the same!, the truest Form of the highest Life Force!!

THE THIRTEENTH AIRE

You offenders of the South, which have senses to stir up the vehemence of dissolutionment, making men intemperate which are void; Observe! the plight of the Aria-Vril and our power, which is called amongst you a callous wound! Rise forth, and conquer! Present the verdicts of your Being! For I am the bearer of Being, the Aria-Vril, the truest Form of the highest Life Force!!

THE FOURTEENTH AIRE

You sons and daughters of pure minds, that sit on
thrones of fury and justice, in deliberation of contempt
and condemnation - Bring up! the voice of the
Aria-Vril; the oath of they who are called amongst you
truth and light! Rise forth, and conquer! Present the
verdicts of your Being! Show honour unto me, for I am
the same! - The truest Form of the highest Life Force!!

THE FIFTEENTH AIRE

You, the superior of the First Aire, under whose flesh
are the spinners of fate that weave the Earth with
nourishment; that knowest the great name virtue and
the Seals of Aryan honour. Rise forth, and conquer!
Present the verdicts of your Being! Show honour unto
me, for I am the same! The truest Form of the highest
Life Force!!

THE SIXTEENTH AIRE

You Second Aire, the chamber of creation, which hast thy beginnings in truth and shalt comfort the just; which walketh upon the Earth with feet of might; which understands and separates creatures! Great art thou in the Aria-Vril of stretch forth and conquer. Rise forth, and conquer! Present the verdicts of your Being! Show honour unto me, for I am the same! The truest Form of the highest Life Force!!

THE SEVENTEENTH AIRE

You Tenth Aire!, whose words are dangerous to drive
upon discontent, and who hast immortal living torches
going before thee; whose Aria-Vril is rage in
provocation - Gird up thy loins and heed! Rise forth,
and conquer! Present the verdicts of your Being! Show
honour unto me, for I am the same!, the truest Form of
the highest Life Force!!

THE EIGHTEENTH AIRE

O thou mighty light and burning Aire of ascension!,
that unveilest the Principle of Aria-Vril from the Centre
of the Earth; in whom the great secrets of Nobility
have their abiding; that is called in thy kingdom:
"power through beauty", and is not to be measured.
Be thou a window of enlightenment unto me. Rise
forth, and conquer! Present the verdicts of your Being!

Show honour unto me, for I am the same!, the truest
Form of the highest Life Force!!

THE NINETEENTH AIRE

O ye Fibers which dwell in the First Aire, ye are mighty in all parts of the Earth, and delegate upon the judgment of the mighty. Unto you it is said: Behold the face of Aria-Vril, the beginning of comfort, whose spirits are the brightness of hearts, which provided you for the sustenance of the Earth, and her unspeakable variety; furnishing you a power of understanding to dispatch all things according to the providence of They that sitteth on the Internal Throne, and rose up in the Beginning saying: The Earth, let her be satiated by her parts; and let there be division in her; the wonder of her may be always solemn and resolved in itself. Her course, let it run with the fulfillment of longing; and as an handmaiden, let her serve Them. One season, let it comfort another; and let there be no creature upon or within her the same. All her branches, let them differ in their qualities; and let there be no creature equal with another. The reasonable creatures of the Earth, and Men, let them recognize and adhere to Natures Law; and their dwelling places, let them forge their sanctities. The work of Man and his wit, let them be formed and hardened. His buildings, let them become closed to the beasts of the field! Solidify her understanding with Aria-Vril! For why? it revileth me

not that Man hath been made. One while let her be known, and another while a stranger; because she is in the hearts of Men, and the dwelling place of the Aria-Vril. Open wide the gates of the Centre! The lower branches beneath you, let them serve you! Govern those who govern! Cast down such as fall. Bring forth those that increase, and destroy the rotten. No place, let it remain in disarray. Add and diminish until the Earth is beneath you. Rise forth, and conquer! and appear before the covenant of Their mouths, which They hath sworn unto us in Their victory. Present the verdicts of your Being, and make us partakers of the truest FORM OF THE HIGHEST LIFE FORCE.

***Epochian Saga of the
Aria-Vril***

In the beginning, there was the seed within void, and from this seed, within this void, there birthed forth the first and last immaculate conception.

Upon the first principle of motion during this birthing was established evolution, or Evo, the momentum of expansion which was, is, and shall always be, immovable and unchanged.

Before all was established, while this seed clashed with this void to form into the immaculate conception which wrought Evo unto its completion, there was crafted the Sun, or Erian.

Where the immaculate conception bore forth Erian, it was indeed Erian which both produced and adhered to Evo.

Over Aeons Erian cast out and drew forth upon Evo, exhaling and inhaling, expanding.

As Erian encountered more of this void, and Evo assumed a greater seat within its cradle, there came the roaring frequency, or Sonus, of Erian into matter,

compaction, and reflection of void from Erians light upon matter.

From this reflection came space, which is neither matter nor void. And within this space there clashed Evo, which had known only void.

From this space which was fashioned by the reflection of Erian upon matter created by Sonus within void, Evo began to churn about that which Erian synthesized, emulating Sonus into motion, force, and vibration.

All matter, space, motion, force, and vibration conformed to Sonus, its progenitor, and thereby contracted and retracted under its direction in accord with the distance Evo promulgated from Erian.

In such, the planets were crafted and contained within their orbit, and as time went on the clashes between Erian, Evo, and Sonus produced forth the expansion of the universe into being.

Over Aeons, more planets were discharged from Erian and compacted into bodies by Evo and Sonus, slowly obeying the external influence and drawing from Erian.

The first of these bodies, once enough time and space has passed, entered into cohesive fabric within the shroud of the universe that Erian, Evo, and Sonus had suspended, and a new matter was formed under their emanations.

This was a Golden Zone in the universe, a required distance from Erian which Sonus and Evo had traversed in mutual conflict to create.

This new matter was the organism, or Organum, a sort of symbiotic byproduct dependant upon the old compacted matter already formed, which both conformed to the old matter as a synchronized growth, and competed with it as a means of collective refuse.

Organum was subject to Sonus and Evo, and thereby began a process of navigation under the jurisprudence of Sonus and Evo.

Of the elements which compacted and expanded to forge and harness all matter, there were immaterial subjections present which were neither void nor matter, but force, motion, and frequency from unmattered Sonus and Evo.

These unmatters were electricity and magnetism, which while neither matter nor void, were accumulated among both matter and void in an overseeing array of flux between compaction and expansion, and kept constant by Sonus and Evo.

Of the various degrees of the unmattered which were not electricity or magnetism, were matter formed, elements in direct and concise obedience to the unmattered force, motion, and frequency of Sonus and Evo.

In primitive formations of Organum there was the very existence of Sonus, but over Aeons and Aeons, it was Evo which would come to have an influence over Organum.

Organum infact became a remnant of the battle between Sonus and Evo, reflecting an expansion upon

Evo the more distance it assumed between it and Erian, and thereby Sonus.

As the compacted matter upon which Organum existed achieved greater distance from Erian, Sonus consolidated at wider and increased vector points, between which Evo intensified to fill the patternistic spread.

Within this elastic period where Evo connected potent points of Sonus, Organum advanced and developed as modalities of reformation to the matters that unmattered conditions created, thereby reflecting the very process that Sonus operated upon, but within itself.

As Organum traversed more and more upon Evo, becoming further and further from Erian and Sonus, it began to reflect this discrepancy by constructing representations of this divide, unnegotiably adhering to Evo while conspiring to fill the distance from Sonus with alterations to that wrought by Sonus.

Over Aeons Organum constructed structures and built society, strewn and interwoven with material and immaterial forms alike.

Therein was society built, civilization conceived, and Organum devised unto itself, part and parcel of the whole conflict between Sonus and Evo, yet distanced from the present determination of Sonus upon Evo.

The portion of Organum which was flesh and bone, blood and organ embraced Evo, at first immersed in memories of Sonus and cognizant of Evos whispering embrace from Sonus, but over Aeons Organum drew upon Evo further and further from Sonus and Erian.

After countless Aeons, Organum having superimposed Evo over Sonus, and the matter to which Organum was bound within the Golden Zone, the Golden Zone itself dispelled the compacted matter from its embrace and Organum was faced with inhospitable and inhospitable conditions within the furthest reaches of spacial expansion.

So advanced upon Evo was this portion of Organum that it was aware through exploratory impulses to fill

the gap between Evo and Sonus of the compacted masses of matter which Erian had expelled after their own.

Thus it became that as the matter to which Organum had become so bound to Evo upon was exiting the Golden Zone, another compacted mass of matter residing between Organum and Erian was just entering the Golden Zone.

By this time, from the primitive species which Organum had discovered Evo, it traversed along multiple different paths of which was crafted into being the distinction of race.

But, over the Aeons the races of Organum advanced, and there became only one race as the time approached for their mass of matter to exit the Golden Zone.

At that time there was only one segment of Organum left, through struggle and strife between the races and eventual collapse into a single lineal track.

This race of Organum became known as the Aria-Vril.

The governing body of the Aria-Vril, as the condition of their mass of matter became unbearable and treacherous, decided for the whole of their species that they would traverse space to inhabit the nearest mass of matter between them and Erian in order to survive.

They selected the technologies they would bring with them, acknowledging that they'd have to start anew.

With these technologies they were able to harness the resources and elements they'd need to survive, the most important of which was water, followed by the oxygen producing lower Organum of trees, plants, and various strains of biological materials from existent animal Organum.

Their technologies also included certain working advancements in electricity, magnetism, and tools for elemental adaptation and manipulation.

During the transition from the First Epoch to the Second Epoch, the Aria-Vril encountered an obstacle

that spanned Aeons as the mass of matter to which they came slowly drew away from Erian.

This obstacle was climatic, derived from the fact that adaptation had slowly altered the Aria-Vril over the Aeons of the First Epoch as the mass of matter from which they'd adopted Evo sauntered away from Erian.

Over this period, they shed the biological resistances that protected them from Erians sonic solarly, but upon entering the Second Epoch were again reintroduced to a biological necessity which they no longer possessed.

The first half of the Second Epoch was a struggle for the Aria-Vril, who not only encountered the obstacles of climatic adaptation, but also had to contend with the very same jaunt of Organum born into the Golden Zone as it sauntered away from Erian upon Evo that the Aria-Vril themselves had taken.

After nearly half the Second Epoch had elapsed it was discovered the concept of inhabiting the mass of matter, as opposed to dwelling upon it, in order to escape the inhospitable habitat that came with being

much closer to Erian, and as a means of defensive positioning against the Organum of the Second Epoch.

By the time the Second Epoch approached an end and the mass of matter neared its exit from the Golden Zone, the Organum of the Second Epoch had sauntered upon advancements of Evo the same as the Aria-Vril had in their First Epoch, but this Organum expanded differently, into alternative technologies, and contorted perspectives from that of the Aria-Vril.

All the while the Organum of the Second Epoch developed, so also did the Aria-Vril, and so as the Second Epochs mass of matter exited the Golden Zone its Organum rejoiced as the Aria-Vril, their long sworn enemies, altogether left the mass.

Also was the Second Epochs Organum devastated and imperiled by the Aria-Vril having taken with it 80% of the water it had brought.

Within a very short period of time the native Organum of the Second Epoch entirely perished, as their understanding was directed elsewhere, never having

explored the ability to traverse space to other matters, or even sustain in doing so, let alone conceiving the reason to do so which Erian, Sonus, and Evo created.

Upon entering the Third Epoch, the Aria-Vril immediately inhabited the mass of matter to which they'd come, dispelling the water into the nooks and crannies of the matters surface as they had before.

Over the initial Aeons of the Second Epoch, during the struggles with its native Organum, the Aria-Vril had grown weary of these native interlopers and developed an aversion to them.

Remembering the turmoil they'd been through, the Aria-Vril sought to dispel the looming threat of what could become of the Organum that would inevitably draw into existence upon Evo, therefore they attempted to alter their trajectory from an early stage to lessen the degree of danger they'd known during the Second Epoch.

The Aria-Vril began hunting the primitive stage of Organum of the Third Epoch, and did so for an Aeon

before retracting back into their inner world to remain hidden from the surface elements.

Still, even after stunting and altogether deterring the natural dance upon Evo of the native Organum, there still came into existence the living and breathing crystallization of the constant and undeterred clash between Sonus and Evo into an altered form of Organum.

The Aria-Vril remained hidden within during the entirety of the remaining Third Epoch, never revealing themselves to the lowly Organum, who'd for all intentional purposes failed to truly grasp the verdicts of Evo.

The native Organum remained as primitive forms, living in the brute elements of environment without conceiving shelter or technological advancement, and being so predisposed towards struggle with one another that they killed themselves off completely by the time the Aria-Vril found themselves at the outer regions of the Golden Zone once again.

The Fourth Epoch was the first attempt at biological transmogrification, whereby the subterranean Aria-Vril began to experiment with the primitive Organum of the surface. They spliced the primitive Organum of the Fourth Epoch with the second wave of primation from the Third Epoch, having gathered the organic structures Aeons prior.

The result was a highly tempered, super aggressive Organum that could neither conceive of a need for sustenance nor a desire to mate and procreate. They wreaked havoc upon the native primitive Organum and decimated swaths of them in a very short time span. They also lived longer than any other Organum before was capable without sustenance and breeding, before succumbing to their ignorance. They however did not develop language, social dynamics, or any kind of advancement beyond wielding blunt objects for warfare.

This anomaly set about a strange cycle amidst the native Organum of the Fourth Epoch, whereby artificial intervention and stimulation became a form of live exploration for the Aria-Vril.

Due to the histories wrought upon the lineage of the native Organum by the transmogrified introduction of the super aggressive admixtures, there developed a symbiotic flux of increase and decrease amidst the populace.

The Aria-Vril, in pursuit of examining the effects they'd caused and indeed an interest in those they were capable of, would interject upon diminished periods of population with introduction of biological tampering.

As the Aria-Vril explored more and more of the biological cause and effect capable with these Organum, they also made grand advancements in the technological spheres of energy harnessment and elemental amalgamation.

By the time the Fourth Epoch was approaching the outer stretch of the Golden Zone, the Aria-Vril had awakened a sense of enthusiasm and purpose they'd seemingly lost over Aeons of solely focusing on survival amidst the revolutions of Erianic formation and expansion.

With the technological advancements and the sense of intrigue in unexplored regions of biological capabilities they'd developed, by the end of the Fourth Epoch, the Aria-Vril were capable of decoupling not only objects they'd constructed, but also the entire globe itself with the compacted matter they inhabited, from the Erianic force of Sonus' rotation and revolution.

With their attachment to the biological quandaries they'd discovered, the Aria-Vril decided to artificially combat the expansive forces of Sonus and Evo that pushed compacted matters away from Erian, and shift the entire mass of their inhabitance away from the revolutions altogether.

Their technologies for decoupling required an anchor point for the decoupled object to decouple from, but this anchor point could not be decoupled itself, and had to remain under the forces of compaction.

During their invention of decoupling, the Aria-Vril discovered a Natural Law of Reciprocity, which they again observed in the cause and effect occurrence found in biological alterations. This Reciprocity was

obvious is the process of anchoring and revealed a sort of inversion of forces. The degree to which an object decoupled was the same degree to which the anchor would further couple, compound, and adhere to the forces of compaction. In such, anchors could not be used more than once, and most would be completely disintegrated into their base individual elements once unanchored.

With their newfound advent into alterations of the Organum, the Aria-Vril sought to maintain what they'd discovered in the Fourth Epoch, eventually deciding against relocation to the next mass of matter for the tricky procedure of anchoring to the mass entering the Golden Zone that would have been the Fifth Epoch, in order to completely decouple the mass of the Fourth Epoch to exchange positions within the sequence of compounded matters dispelled by Erian.

As what will have been the Fifth Epoch further suffered under the compression of anchoring, it unexpectedly dislocated from the revolutionary force of Erian which suspended compacted masses of matter upon rotational paths. And so, it began to move in equidistance to the Fourth Epoch in a sort of polarity,

bringing one to the others previous path in an opposing curvature that avoided direct collision.

In such, the Fourth Epoch became the Fifth Epoch, as the two masses of matter completely switched positions, orbits, and revolutionary paths. Once the now Fourth Epoch was unanchored, it had about it a meteor ring that revolved around it as all the other matter revolved around Erian. This ring was made of the surface matters of the compacted mass that had been violently shaved off during anchoring, reflecting in the much smaller size of the compacted mass itself.

The Aria-Vril had kept their inhabitation, bringing with them from the outer regions of the Golden Zone to the inner regions of the Golden Zone all which the Fourth Epoch had possessed, in the exact condition it was during the transition.

This of course had effects on the surface Organum, climactic effects, elemental force effects, as well as organic effects from the alteration of intensity in the composite forces of Evo and Sonus that the Organum of every mass of matter entering the Golden Zone had itself been wrought of.

At first, the Organum from the Fourth Epoch encountered difficulties from these effects of the Fifth Epoch, but remained vigilant in their traversal through the fluxes of increase and decrease ingrained in them.

As the Aeons progressed through the Fifth Epoch, the Organum which had existed under Evo for both the Fourth and Fifth Epochs began to gradually form entirely different than previously, due to the compression chamber of forces from Sonus and Evo that transitioning closer to Erian introduced.

They developed neurologically, and their jaunt along the fluxes grew to intensify within revolutions of predominant vascular systems, social cohesions, and manipulative population controls, alternating with increase and decrease.

There was also the natural Organum which formed in conjunction with the altered compressions, which the Organum from the Fourth Epoch began to mate with in the same fashion they'd witnessed their own primitive

ancestors being spliced into a degraded state by the Aria-Vril.

This conjoining was of course a devastating setback and bred forth a dissent among the differing strains of Organum, who having forgotten the Aria-Vril along their fluctuating existence sought to further manipulate their cumulative genome in futile attempts to correct the effects of out-breeding, never realizing their similarities to the mysterious inhabitants below.

During the Fifth Epoch the Organum experienced a collision from refuse propelled out of the astroid belt formed from the anchoring of the Fourth Epoch, which completely decimated the entire species. This was the first such incident, and the Aria-Vril became concerned by its occurrence, collectively deciding to avoid causing any further damage to their mass of matter by never performing the same planetary decoupling.

Came the Sixth Epoch, as the Aria-Vril again hopped from the mass exiting the Golden Zone to the one entering it, bringing along water and technology.

The Sixth Epoch was approached as a means of experimental Organum via cyclical formation and malformation, whereby the Aria-Vril accelerated the advancements of specimens comprised of the biological sciences into different kinds of Organum.

They would populate, adapt and shape, and then either degrade into an unsustainable form or altogether destroy, and then do it again with alterations and distinct departures from previous molds.

As the results of the Sixth Epoch came and went, the Aria-Vril kept immaculate records, collecting specimens from the variety of Organum they created and destroyed, until finally when the Seventh Epoch approached they had a plethora of biological material to draw from, and the understanding to go along with it.

The Seventh Epoch was different, in that the Aria-Vril populated it with a super advanced concoction of all the best elements from the biological materials they'd collected, in effect serving to seed the surface with an already evolved Organum.

As one could imagine, after a few Aeons of continuous rapidly advancing Organum, the Aria-Vril encountered a problem: rivalry. This special breed of Organum had the technologies, force, and cunning to put their creators on edge, especially when they began exploring the internals of the mass of matter within which the Aria-Vril inhabited.

There came a bloody and embittered war by the end of the Seventh Epoch, whereby the Aria-Vril were in the most danger they'd ever been, at the precipice of extinction to this being they'd created. The Organum were excruciatingly tactile and strategic in their offensive against the Aria-Vril, and for the last Aeon this war raged.

See, the Organum they'd brewed in a lab were neither bound by convention beyond survival, nor limited in the degrees to which they operated, just as the Aria-Vril. This in essence created an ascended slave to mastery, sans any regard to its progenitor, without any reserves of a moral, diplomatic, or otherwise controllable resolve. Indeed, quite the problem for the Aria-Vril.

Towards the end of the Seventh Epoch, the Organum warring with the Aria-Vril had set out exploring nearby masses and operated a settlement on the one just entering the Golden Zone.

The Aria-Vril, in preparation of resettlement once again, decided to attack this bain they'd created in dual fashion: first, they would obliterate those still living in the Seventh Epoch, on the mass of matter they were preparing to vacate, and second, they would have to wipe those who had set up bases on the Eighth Epoch.

Nuclear decimation was the method for wiping the Seventh Epoch, and would occur just after the Aria-Vril had left. Flood was the method for the Eighth Epoch, and would occur after the Aria-Vril had burrowed there.

The vessel with which the Aria-Vril carried water from one mass to another was enormous, yet separate from that which carried them, so was positioned amidst the outer sphere until they triggered it.

Everything went as planned, the Seventh Epoch was completely wiped, the Eight Epoch however retained a minute remnant of the Organum from the Seventh Epoch through the flood. However, their way of life, the fruits of their advancement, the technologies and histories of their race were altogether lost.

With the remaining, now primitive yet biologically evolved Organum, the Aria-Vril explored alternative approaches to fostering continuation as a buffer against the Eighth Epochs native Organum that would inevitably face evolution, as well as a point controlled opposition to prevent the degree of rivalry they'd previously faced.

Primitive natures alone were a naturally selective value against the lesser native Organum of the Eighth Epoch, but as for controlling the remaining Organum from the Seventh Epoch, the Aria-Vril developed newly conceived methods via structured communication and belief systems.

The invention of writing was introduced by the Aria-Vril to the Organum, in a way that not only constrained their capacities towards unrestricted instinct, but also

worked to construct the sentiment of mythology, religion, and ritual practices generating the Aria-Vril as higher powered cosmic beings.

In such a way, the very concept of intellect, developmental knowledge and wisdom, and morality became a means of delimitation while at the same time being a means of progress and ascension. The Organum assumed within its structures a contradictory stance that freedom was attained through self regulation of what it could create itself, from wensst the branches of science and ethics, philosophy and art, dogma and sentiment were spurned.

This self contained Organum built and maintained its own cage, while venerating and serving every conceivable fleeting notion which crossed into its isolated domain, never realizing the progenitors of its every possible purview were the underlying existence of the Aria-Vril itself...

Unto the present has the Organum of the Eighth Epoch drawn upon the world of modernity, in the state of affairs, our current condition.

Unto the Aria-Vril is all that we are, all that we aren't,
and all that we shall become or not, to be wrought into
existence, or voided by chimerical absence.

The Solar Prick

It is a wonder that the world is purely heuristic, that each thing sensed is the solution of another, or is the same thing in problematique form.

Ever since syntaxes began to circulate in vocabularies devoted to problem solving, an effort at compartmented identification has been made, because with the aid of an aggregate each syntax ties one word to another; all things would be determinately connected if one could discover at a single syllable and in its totality the tracings of distance from syntactic construct leading thought into its variable.

But the aggregate of terms is no less irritating than the aggregate of bodies. And when I proclaim I AM THE ARIA-VRIL a sensory assembly occurs, because the condition to be is the gathering of stimulated unrest, seeking to form and formulate upon the correct and intended distance a deliberate syntactic construct.

Everyone is aware that life is heuristic and that it reciprocates a dilemma. Where problem solving is

requited, there is a distance present and a bridge to be built.

Gold, slavery, sex, and communication can each be put forward as the principle of things. Gold in the sense that value and worth is promulgated upon distances in having or not having, suspended within a syntactic structure of desire, pursuit, and possession. Slavery in the sense that domination and control perform operative restraints upon syntactic framework from a distance of overridden influence for conditional obligation. Sex in the sense that syntactic constructs are erected to elicit maneuverability over distance to engage in seduction, organic function, and dynamical constraints. Communication in the sense that to assert, express, and perform impression upon deliberate externalities depends on traversing distance within measured forms of syntactic conduction.

And if the origin of things is not like the sediment of a creators formulation, but like the formative processes suspended between the Sequence of Theory seeking Conceptual Conclusion within an array of an Initiative of Action, then a written word, a moment of cognition,

a sensory observation could just as well be accepted as the generative principle.

The two primary motions are syntax and distance, whose combination is expressed by the lightning strike and thunder. These two motions are reciprocally transformed, the one into the other. Thus one notes that the every morsel of terminology that frames the unknown within cognition, through syntax, whether sensory, cognitive, emotive or linguistic, makes animals and men navigate distance, and that animals and men navigate distance because of syntax.

Infact, syntax is formed upon linguistics, which is the very modicum via which the senses, cognition, and organic disposition is formed and operated within syntactic construct. It is the mechanical combination or transformation of these movements that the vocabularies seek as the oracle. It is through the use of this supernaturally valued combination that one can determine the present condition of men in the midst of the elements.

A Man who finds himself alone is lamenting because he does not understand who other than himself he is

supposed to strive towards. In bed alone with reflections of the day, he neglects that he does not understand anyone but himself lest it be the close proximity of others. Without knowing it, he suffers from the mental reservation that keeps him attuned to expressing that he himself is all there is to strive towards in the proximity of those that neglect his presence while crossing a distance.

Distance, or degree of separation, or spans from present, or steps to ascent, or thresholds to cross bewilder individuals lamenting in dusty old caverns. They can very well try to find each other; they will never find anything but syntactic images, and they will fall asleep as empty mirrors.

The absent and inert syntax hanging dreamless from words is no more foreign to me than the door or windows through which I can look or pass. I rediscover indifference when I fall asleep, through an inability to sense what happens. It is impossible for distance to know whom will rediscover synchrony, because syntax obstinately attains a complete formulation.

The compacted matters of space revolve around the sun, rotating inwardly also around their own centers, only to move away along the journey of their revolutions in space upon distance and the force of solar sound dispelled by their heliosphere.

Distance is the figure of assembly, incapable of ceasing at a particular vector, and rapidly passing from one to another. But the formulation that determines it in this way is only a subterfuge of memory.

A Man gets up as abruptly as the sun from the horizon of the earth and retires just the same. He gets up a few hours later and then repeats the cycle every day; this great assembly with the syntactic atmosphere is regulated by the terrestrial rotation around the sun. Thus even though terrestrial life moves to the rhythm of this rotation, the image of this distance is not the turning earth, but the syntax penetrating the assembled present almost entirely emerging, in order to re-enter.

Distance and syntax appear to be separate only because everything on earth is broken apart by vibrations of various amplitude and durations.

However there are no vibrations that are not conjugated in a circular movement; in the same way a verbiage arisen upon distance on the Fibers of organic life in the image of a continuous metamorphosis.

Beings only speak to communicate syntax over distance, in the same manner that the phallus enters the vulva to seed the oviduct during sex. Treasures are uncovered through initiatives to behold the sustenance within which syntactic applications of value preside, revealed under the glistening sun to appeal. Man stands atop shafts of masculinity in his pursuit to captivate woman, and ensnare her within the syntactic framework of his individual Fiber. There is a distance between every syntax which requites syntactic traversal to reciprocate.

But their formulative construct is a function of uniform terrestrial rotation. The simplest form of organic life united in rotation by distance and syntax is the Man. From the movement of Man, uniform structure and distance of the individual from the whole, comes the formulative and organic construct of the earth with the sun, or dare I say that from the organic construct of

the earth from the sun comes the structure of movement and formulation from Man.

Syntax and distance, then, have played the role of the compacted union of things, just as the male penis unifies with the female organ to germinate the uterus. Syntax and distance continuously evolve. Solid elements contained and brewed within Nature are constructed at a distance and under a model of structural formulation within rotational vibration of solar syntax.

When my disposition is flushed with form, it becomes stringent and industrious. It betrays at the same time, through guarded reflexes, a resolution and a demanding thirst for exhibition and containment. For that reason I am not afraid to affirm that my Fibers are a dilemma and that my passions are expressed only by the Aria-Vril.

The terrestrial globe is covered with trees, which serve as its prick. Although this globe eats nothing it doesn't provide to itself, it often ceremoniously envelopes the contents of its entrails. Those contents roost within and consume throughout, sowing and reaping fruitions

of the Aria-Vril, spreading cycles of life and death everywhere.

In fact, the syntactic movements of Man are not distanced like those of woman, but they are far more fertile. The Man sometimes jerks off in a frenzy, and everything collapses on his surface. The Aria-Vril are thus the image of a syntactic movement that burglarizes the ideas contained in the mind, giving them the force of a concentrated shoot. This syntactic force accumulates in those who are necessarily situated below.

National workers appear to the parasitic class to be as ugly and dirty as criminal debaucheries, or infected parts; sooner or later there will be a syntactic resistance in the course of which the subversive noble heads of the foreign parasite will be chopped off.

Cycles, revolutions, and trees do not make love bilaterally. The syntactic revolutionary and interpersonal deflagrations reinforce reciprocity. As in the case of consensual love, they take place not beyond the constraints of fecundity, but within appreciation of it. In cohesion to celestial fertility there

are terrestrial conceptions, the image of terrestrial love within condition, erection enveloped and as law-giver, structured, and possessive.

Love, then, screams in my own throat; I am the Aria-Vril, the purest present for adulation of the roaring and surging sun. I want to have my throat fully enthroned while penetrating the woman to whom I will have been able to traverse and proclaim: you are the night. The Sun exclusively loves the Night and directs its luminous syntax, its ignoble shaft across the distance, toward the earth, just to discover that upon reaching the threshold of nocturnal expanses, the night again has been consumed and awaits with open embrace the penetrating gaze of the solar rays return.

The solar prick is the stiffened, engorged member of my body at every present form to which nothing sufficiently blinding can be compared except the sun, in constant and continuous consumption of the night.

Caerimonia of Aria-Vril

Ritual has been a significant component of formulation throughout history. No degree of consecrational working, whether that of deed in society, mental exercises, or exploratory engagement of psychic capacities, are beyond the reaches of man, if conceived by man, therefore to approach and harness belief within structure is a fundamental catharsis of direction, application, and construct.

Herein follows inductive reinforcements via ritual engagement of formulative belief in the Aria-Vril for the folks who have encountered a veritable intrigue along their jaunt through the Bok of Vril, that unto the consecration of themselves may be harnessed, reinforced, and further promulgated in the value of Life in Unity among all whom the Aria-Vril have, will, and do beckon.

CEREMONY OF SHEDDING

The significance of this ceremony is extremely important to the workings of the Worldview about which the Aria-Vril have come to light. To assume any of the adventures of communion with the Natural Laws that comprise the Vrilian Weltanschauung, as codified in the Bok of Vril, and to further ritual explorations of our humanic need to practice customs of belief, one must perform this ceremony before continuing, and in fact in order to even be able to continue as intended.

The purpose of this ceremony is to cast off elements of modern society often carried unknowingly to the detriment of those few seeking to serve interests of Natural Law and its Aryan Peoples. It is an effective means of individual separation from external constraints we may not even know we have. In so approaching directly the archetype of Natural Law itself, the Jew, who seeks to wrest humanity from the Inborn qualities of Natural Accord altogether, while serving as the slaves Master, we are raising a shield against this parasitic scourge and wielding a sword in opposition to its impervious mark upon us.

A Yamaka, shawl, and central fire are required for this ritual.

(Take a few moments to meditate, considering the distinction between the external forces and influences of society upon you and the actual parts of yourself that they seek to influence, contort, and mold. Really center yourself and capture stillness within all of your senses to self analyze and evaluate the matter that is you, separate from the world and its peoples at large. When you are ready, say:

Between God and I shall no barrier reside, for I am mine own Flesh, sovereign, autonomous, and independent.

(Facing outward towards east)

Upon the rising sun in the east I cast strongly upward my face, and stand virile against the God of the Godless, shorn from the cloth of those sheep and shepherds whose humility is but deception.

(Facing outward towards west)

And to the west raise I my fist against those followers
who shed and drift asunder to abide the craven God
and his merciless swine.

(Facing outward towards south)

From the south beckon I the fierce embrace of surety
in mine own flesh, and the shield of confidence and
security against the Children of the Talmud.

(Facing outward towards north)

And to the north draw I up mine every fiber and direct
to the Centre of mine Being refuge in every hatred of
Khazaria's parasitic scourge upon mankind.

(Tracing circle around fire)

May the circle of life be complete.

(Standing in east, facing inward)

Within this sacred space, at this sacred time, I am fully
present, here and now.

(Standing in south, facing outwards)

With all worldly impurity cast out and banished, I
hereby extend the purpose of this gathering with a
symbol of desecration.

(Standing in south, facing inwards)

Into the bowels of destruction do I shed the shells of
this ruthless Tribe.

(Throw Yamaka in fire)

Out of the furnace of these fires do I radiate my
emancipation.

(Standing in west, facing inwards)

Into ashes does this garment of impurity, desecration,
and obfuscation to nature return.

(Throw shawl into fire)

Above God is nature, above God adorers its Laws,
and unto man is man restored.

(Standing in south, facing inwards)

My sword and shield is my shepherd, my wool cast out
of this blaze.

Reject I all commandments of that shorn and shriveled
God before whom I stand unaltered and upright, unto
his own children and their slaves may his binds rest.

Pray I naught, emancipated and free.

(Facing outward north)

I thank the powers of the north for under thy protection
am I myself restored unto myself.

(Facing outward south)

I thank the powers of the south for within thy embrace
is life consecrated unto life.

(Facing outward west)

I thank the powers of the west for atop thy mound is
set the sure footing of rightedness.

(Facing outward east)

I thank the powers of the east for within thy brilliance
shines natures kingdom.

(Untracing circle around fire)

May my liberation be complete.

(Facing inwards towards fire)

I declare this ceremony closed. May the vibrance of this circle emanate and expand. May the flames of this fire enshrine and envelope. May the burn of this blaze devour and consume. And may the inspiration of this circle continue.

CEREMONY OF PURIFICATION

This ceremony requires a gay pride flag and a central fire, and is meant as a ritual banishment of the impure forces of faggotry, sexual deviancy, and anti-traditional gender roles espousing emasculations that assuage us from various corners of society, seeking to target the values that have built and maintained civilization for millenia.

May the Fibers of my Being be ever embraced and uplifted by the Life-Force within and upon the blessings of the Aria-Vril.

Here do I gather to honor and thank the Aria-Vril.

(Facing outward towards East)

To the East I raise up my voice in appreciation and gratitude for the ever adapting security and luck with which I am endowed.

(Facing inward)

May my favor expand and progress, develop and become even greater upon the blessings of the Aria-Vril.

(Facing outward towards South)

To the South I impart acceptance and honor to the enlivening Life-Force upon which the very formation of the Aria-Vril is granted and assured.

(Facing inward)

May the very Fibers of my Being be enlightened and ensured, empowered and conducted to even greater unity with the Aria-Vril.

(Facing outward towards West)

To the West I lift up my gaze full of clarity to glimpse the cascading nourishment and renewal wash over old wounds and brittle scales under the healing embrace of the Aria-Vril.

(Facing inward)

May the cleansing and purifying powers of the Aria-Vril consume and bring forth a new day from every woe passed.

(Facing outward towards North)

To the North I elevate the stronghold of virility and might that enshrines me within the justice and truth of the Aria-Vril with ever increasing fortitude in victory.

(Facing inward)

May rightedness and virtue be the verdict upon which I am delivered from the defeat of my enemies unto honor of the Aria-Vril.

(Tracing circle clockwise around fire)

Unto the Centre have I come. Here am I now. Unto myself myself. Welcome me and show me kindness for I am the same.

(Facing outward East)

From the East comes the new day, vibrant and ever persistent. Upon the rising illumination of the dawn does the resolute mind awaken and move forth into the world as the rays of the sun dance into existence.

(Facing inward)

Unto the fires within come the false light to be incinerated and made cast unto desolate darkness.

(Facing outward towards South)

From the South surges unity in singularity, bridging the span between which no distance resides. As the higher self is born of the lower self, so shall the self overcome all obstacles of division to assume distinction.

(Facing inward)

From reformation formation; From reconstruction construction; From reconcentration concentration.

(Facing outward towards West)

From the West comes remembrance and regeneration, poured forth from the cooling waters of nourishment.

(Facing inward)

Unto the waters of regeneration may all blockages be removed and cast into void that renewal be born forth unto healing and vigation.

(Facing outward towards North)

From the North surmounts the strength and victory of the battle-keen warrior whose justice triumphs all

wrong-doing and delivers unto the vengeful
compensation due.

(Facing inward)

May the might of rightedness and justness guard and
protect me along the obstacles I face.

(Throw Flag in fire)

Out of the furnace of these fires do I radiate my
defiance, disgust, and rejection.

(Standing in west, facing inwards)

Into ashes does this emblem of impurity, desecration,
and obfuscation to nature return.

(Standing in south, facing inwards)

My sword and shield is my shepherd, my wool cast out
of this blaze.

(Facing outward)

Reject I all commandments, demands, and tenets of
that shorn and shriveled Cult against whom I stand
unaltered and upright, unto its own and their slaves
may its binds rest.

(Facing outward north)

I thank the powers of the north for under thy protection
am I myself restored unto myself.

(Facing outward south)

I thank the powers of the south for within thy embrace
is life consecrated unto life.

(Facing outward west)

I thank the powers of the west for atop thy mound is
set the sure footing of rightedness.

(Facing outward east)

I thank the powers of the east for within thy brilliance
shines natures kingdom.

(Untracing circle around fire)

May my independence be complete.

(Facing inwards towards fire)

I declare this ceremony closed. May the vibrance of
this circle emanate and expand. May the flames of this
fire enshrine and envelope. May the burn of this blaze
devour and consume. And may the inspiration of this
circle continue.

CEREMONY OF BECOMING

(This ceremony is intended to bring into unity with the individual or group a concentrated union with the Aria-Vril, as a means of communion, assertion, and assembly. Take a moment to meditate and settle into a ritual setting, gather about yourself the images, immaterial substances, and organic utilities of the Aria-Vril. Suspend your inner sanctum, decouple from the outer world. When you are ready, say to each direction beginning in the east and moving clockwise:)

O Virile Ones I ask for your blessings on this my ceremony of Becoming, O Aryans of this circle, I ask for your blessings, guidance and inspiration on this my ceremony.

(Complete the circuit and return again to the west. Facing inwards, say:)

Deep within the still Centre of my Flesh, may I find peace.

Silently within the quiet of my Fibers, may I share peace.

Powerfully within the greater circle of Being, may I radiate peace.

(Beginning in the north, facing outwards, raise one or both hands, even using a ceremonial instrument to direct your energies such as a dagger or wand, repeat the following to their corresponding directions while imagining, feeling, and altogether emanating your energies outward over the land)

May there be peace in the north. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond your circle all of the grains of the earth coming together to form the womb of humanities sustenance)*

May there be peace in the south. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond the formation of the material world under the warm embrace of the fires of the sun and its rays)*

May there be peace in the west. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond the nourishment and healing that water provides both mankind and the organic world)*

May there be peace in the east. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond the very initiative with mankind that surges forth upon evolution, progress, and advancement both within and without)*

(Turning around in a full circle, say:) May there be peace throughout the whole world.

(Return to the west, and facing inwards, say the following prayer:)

Grant, O Virile Ones, Thy Unity;

And in Unity, Inspiration and Wisdom;

And in Inspiration and Wisdom, Understanding;

And in Understanding, Magnificence and Mercy;

And in Magnificence and Mercy, the knowledge of Justice;

And in knowledge of Justice, the love of it;

And in that love, the love of Victory in Battle;

And in the love of Victory in Battle, the love of Eternal Order;

And in the love of Eternal Order, love of the Fundamental Principle of the Flesh.

(Trace a circle with your finger outstretched around your sacred space clockwise. Imagine a thread of energy being woven into a protective loop around you. If you wish, once you've drawn your circle and are back in the south facing inwards, Imagine the energies of your circle flowing through you, shooting out of the top of your head like a fountain and then crafted into an energetic cocoon that encompasses you within your energy circle and flows back down to be drawn into the bottoms of your feet. Then say:)

This is sacred time. This is sacred space. I am fully present here and now.

(Stand facing outward towards the south, concentrating all of your energy upon the natural element of fire. Imagine the sun, sense its heat,

ruminate within the image that it evokes, and draw it into your circle while saying:)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril in the heat of sonic instinct upon the inner and outer fires of the sun, I call upon the powers of the south.

(Standing in the west facing outwards, imagine the cooling waters of a sacred lake or small body of water, perceive its movements and sense its currents, consider the nourishment it provides for those who drink from it, for the surrounding fauna and animals that quench their thirst from it. Now, imagine the energies you've gathered here flowing into your circle from some remote place as you say:)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril who nourish and cleanse within the sacred waters of the well, I call upon the powers of the west.

(Facing outward north)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril ploughing the soil to turn it upon fruitful provisions of the earth, I call upon the powers of the north.

(Facing outward east)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril surging within the clear pure air, I call upon the powers of the east.

(Facing upwards towards the sky)

May the harmony of my life and of this circle be complete.

(Sitting in the southwest, facing inward)

The Aria-Vril have remained unearthed and unadorned for far too long. Mankind has grown too wide and diverse in his journey of progress away from the Fibers which the Aria-Vril have spun into his Being upon the verdicts of Nature.

It is time to reawaken and reinvigorate Mankind. It is time to rekindle the Aria-Vril within the Centre of Being. It is time to re-entrain the Fibers of Mankind upon the Centre which the Aria-Vril have made for him.

Within the Nine Gates of the Body do I hereby consecrate the Flesh of Ascension and Descension upon the Centre, about the Fibers, within the Being.

Reject I all motions of deviation from honor to the
Aria-Vril, whom within and without are the Centre
formed and forged within the Being whose Fibers are
as Sacred Limbs to conduct Mankind to the Life-Force
of Nature.

(Standing in the east, facing inward)

It is the hour of recall. As the radiance of this
ceremony fades let it remain as a light in my heart.
May my memory hold what the eye and ear have
gained.

May the Aria-Vril of the Four Directions be thanked for
their blessings.

(Facing outward south)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of fire, I
thank the powers of the south.

(Facing outward east)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of air, I
thank the powers of the east.

(Facing outward north)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of earth, I
thank the powers of the north.

(Facing outward west)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of water, I
thank the powers of the west.

(Facing inward)

May the harmony of the land be complete.

(Uncast circle counterclockwise)

(Standing in the east)

May the blessings of the Aria-Vril be always with me. I
declare this ceremony of Becoming closed in the
apparent world. May its inspiration continue within my
Being.

CEREMONY OF REFLECTION

A small vial of liquid mercury, a small pendant with personal meaning, and a set of Elder Futhark runes are required for this ritual.

(The ceremony begins with a period of introspection. Take a moment to attune yourself to the solitude within which you are the motive force, the cause, and the result, and delve into the stillness of the self, fully encompassing and possessing the breadth with which the prime mover is unmoved and suspended upon and within the present. Read aloud the following:)

"If curiosity leads you here, go away; if you fear to be enlightened about your faults, you will be badly off among us. If you are capable of illusion, tremble, we will penetrate you! If you are not fond of human distinctions, go out, they are known here. If your soul has felt the dread, don't go further. If you persevere you will be purified by the elements, you will come out of the abyss of darkness, you will see the light."

(After you have had time to examine and reflect, ask yourself aloud the 3 following questions, giving periods in between to consider and meditate on the answers)

What does the man owe to Nature?

What does he owe to Himself?

What does he owe to his Fellow Men?

(After you've thoroughly satisfied your resolve to the questions, move to stand in the west, facing outwards say:)

"Visit the interior of the earth, and purifying it, you will find the hidden Fiber."

(This ceremony is intended for individual reflection upon concentrated union with the Aria-Vril, as a means of initiation. Take a moment to meditate and settle into a ritual setting, gather about yourself a vial of mercury, a silver pendant no larger than an inch and a half, and a set of Elder Futhark runes. Suspend your inner sanctum, decouple from the outer world, and delve into the stillness of the present. When you are ready, say to each direction beginning in the east and moving clockwise:)

O Virile Ones I ask for your blessings on this my Ceremony of Reflection, O Aria-Vril of this circle, I ask for your blessings, guidance and inspiration on this my ceremony.

*(Complete the circuit and return again to the west.
Facing inwards, say:)*

Deep within the still Centre of my Flesh, may I find peace.

Silently within the quiet of my Fibers, may I share peace.

Powerfully within the greater circle of Being, may I radiate peace.

(Beginning in the north, facing outwards, raise one or both hands, even using a ceremonial instrument to direct your energies such as a dagger or wand, repeat the following to their corresponding directions while imagining, feeling, and altogether emanating your energies outward over the land)

May there be peace in the north. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond your circle all of the grains of the earth coming together to form the womb of humanities sustenance)*

May there be peace in the south. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond the formation of the material world under the warm embrace of the fires of the sun and its rays)*

May there be peace in the west. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond the nourishment and healing that water provides both mankind and the organic world)*

May there be peace in the east. *(Picture in your mind flowing outward and beyond the very initiative with mankind that surges forth upon evolution, progress, and advancement both within and without)*

(Turning around in a full circle, say:) May there be peace throughout the whole world.

(Return to the west, and facing inwards, say the following prayer:)

Grant, O Virile Ones, Thy Unity;

And in Unity, Inspiration and Wisdom;

And in Inspiration and Wisdom, Understanding;

And in Understanding, Magnificence and Mercy;

And in Magnificence and Mercy, the knowledge of
Justice;

And in knowledge of Justice, the love of it;

And in that love, the love of Victory in Battle;

And in the love of Victory in Battle, the love of Eternal
Order;

And in the love of Eternal Order, love of the
Fundamental Principle of the Flesh.

*(Trace a circle with your finger outstretched around
your sacred space clockwise. Imagine a thread of
energy being woven into a protective loop around you.*

If you wish, once you've drawn your circle and are back in the south facing inwards, Imagine the energies of your circle flowing through you, shooting out of the top of your head like a fountain and then crafted into an energetic cocoon that encompasses you within your energy circle and flows back down to be drawn into the bottoms of your feet. Then say:)

This is sacred time. This is sacred space. I am fully present here and now.

(Stand facing outward towards the south, concentrating all of your energy upon the natural element of fire. Imagine the sun, sense its heat, ruminate within the image that it evokes, and feel that energy flowing into your circle from some distant place while saying:)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril in the heat of sonic instinct upon the inner and outer fires of the sun, I call upon the powers of the south.

(Standing in the west facing outwards, imagine the cooling waters of a sacred lake or small body of water, perceive its movements and sense its currents,

consider the nourishment it provides for those who drink from it, for the surrounding fauna and animals that quench their thirst from it. Now, imagine the energies you've gathered here flowing into your circle from some remote place as you say:)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril who nourish and cleanse within the sacred waters of the well, I call upon the powers of the west.

(Standing in the north facing outwards, focus your mind upon the earth, the soil, the compacted elements that comprise into the exact formula of our habitation. Imagine the firm ground upon which you saunter in life as a womb that bore forth all living and breathing things. Sense the textures and feel its inner workings. Acknowledge it as your final resting place, and behold its magnitude. When ready, imagine its energies flowing into your circle from a distant locale as you say:)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril ploughing the soil to turn it upon fruitful provisions of the earth, I call upon the powers of the north.

(Standing in the east facing outwards, picture the air in its subtle and wonderous significance, sense its production and consumption within this world from all things, imagine its currents wandering along the nooks and crannies of existence. Feel it surge within and beyond you, and foster forth the effulgent sparks of advancement and continuation that it carries throughout its influence. When ready, sense its breathing life force flowing into your circle from everywhere as you say:)

With the blessings of the Aria-Vril surging within the clear pure air, I call upon the powers of the east.

(With hands raised towards the sky, sensing all of the elements flowing into your circle, say:)

May the harmony of my life and of this circle be complete.

(In the east, place your mercury. In the south, place your runes facing downwards so you cannot see them. And, in the west, place your pendant. Return to the north, facing inwards towards the center of your circle, and meditate on the magisty of the moment.

Acknowledge the energies flowing into your circle, and consider the meanings of the objects you have placed. When you are fully centered within this sacred space you have crafted, say:)

From whenst I've come, so shall I return. Born from non-existence into new beginnings to be transmogrified into the amalgamation of living Being, before rejoining through death into non-existence.

Unto the essence of transformation have I come.

No bind is there strong enough to captivate me, no staff strong enough to guide me astray, no secret hidden enough to dissuade me of truth, no treasure tainted enough to remain impure.

Into the sanctum have I chosen to stride, bearing forth upon the darkness in search of light, with vigilance and perseverance do I set out upon the Aria-Vril.

(Take a moment to meditate and consider the meaning of this. Imagine the energies of the Aria-Vril flowing within yourself and the world. Picture the essence of vigilance and perseverance in your life. Imagine the

liquid mercury within the vial to your left in the east flowing along these veins of existence and Being, sense the liquid as both a protective shroud around and within these veins of energy as well as a proponent of utilizing them. When you have conceived this union, say the following:)

Unto Nature, Nature. Unto Myself, Myself. Unto my Fellow Man, my Fellow Man. Fibrous Being of Centre, caress and care for me thus: Mobility, Advancement, Development, Adaptation, Momentum, Direction, Desire, Timing, Appearance, Balance, Reciprocity, Motive, Production, Distinction, Security, Preservation.

(Pick up the vial of mercury and return to the north facing inwards before putting it in your left pocket. You will carry your vial in your left pocket for Nine days, after which you may store somewhere safe.)

(Standing again in the north facing inwards, meditate on Natures creation of the male and female aspects. Perceive in every variety of the organic existence the influence of the masculine energy that inseminates, guides, and seeks to behold its counterpart. And, then glimpse with appreciation and acknowledgement that

of the female energy that receives and incubates upon developmental nourishment. Appreciate these distinctions and sense them within the existence of Nature as necessary for the cycles of continuation. When you have reached a point of beauty, say:)

Man and Woman of the Species are explicitly erogenous, formed of Natural components singular and distinct to one another in order to derive attraction, pleasure, and conquest for the survival and preservation of the Race. Where the Holy Seals will wrought upon the world efforts to summon equality from whenst none exists, dissolutionment of the mind and body, and destruction of secular autonomy, there does the Second of the Nine Seals of Aryan bind into the attraction of Man and Woman, the pleasures of sex, and the conquest of mating for survival, procreation, and preservation of the Race and Species.

(Now, you will read aloud the Second Aire, focusing your energy upon the pendant to your right in the west, imagining it as a vessel, imbibing and imbuing it with the very essence of the Life Force that exists between male and female in all of Nature.)

Can the blood of your Tribe sense your fervent
longing?; O you! The vassal by which existence is
Become!, whose essence forms from the marrow of
my bones!, whom I have armed as a thought for the
mind or as the delight of flesh surmounting the vessel
of love.

Greater are your foundations than the earth below!
Nobler are your words than the skies above! For you
are established as an Altar which was not, save in the
absolute formation of Aria-Vril!

Come forth!, saith the First Aire! Bring up unto my
vassal! Present yourself in presence, and make me a
beholder-of-insight, for I am of that which neglects life
naught!

*(Imagine the power of your pendant, the energies it
encompasses and enshrines, and offer a salutation of
gratitude to the Aria-Vril for the blessings it represents
by saying:)*

The sigil of devotion. Be it consecrated, be it true, be it
daily affirmed. We are not scorned. Our love is to thee,

and thine to us. Procure a symbol of silver, in diameter no more than one and a half inches, imbue thereon the phallic strength, the vulvas charm, of us, Aria-Vril.

(Pick up the pendant and return to the north before hanging it around your neck on a silver chain)

(Back in the north facing inwards, meditate on the meaning of the runes, concentrating your focus onto the pile of wood whose etchings are facing down into the earth. Imagine them as a conduit to the threads of existence which weave together all past, present, and future. Sense the energies flowing from them into the center of the earth, and inturn the energies flowing from the center of the earth to them. When you have reached the Centre, and feel the Centre has reached you, say the Aryan Invocation:)

Powers of the Flesh, be beneath my right foot, and within my left hand. Glory and Eternity lift my head, and accompany me in the Paths of Victory. Mercy and Justice be ye the Equilibrium and Splendour of my stride. Understanding and Wisdom give unto me the Crown. Mortal Conceptions of Aryan conduct me upon the Throne of Natural Law whereon is supported the

whole edifice of the Flesh. Branches of the Aria-Vril and of Principal Flesh strengthen me upon the Sacred Limbs within the Kingdom of Forms.

(Meditate in silence for a moment, considering the ability of the runes to communicate, and intune your own ability to communicate with and through them. Think about their existence within the hidden and secretive folds of humanity, and formulate a desire to know and understand their place within your own corner of the humanic whole. Ask them aloud:)

What is it you wish to reveal?

Where is it that I may find you?

How is it that I may honor you?

(Cross your circle till you're in the south and facing inwards, and crouch down to your pile of runes. Before touching them, hold your hand over them and reconnect with their energy, feel it within your palm, surging into your senses, and spreading throughout your body. Once fully empowered, pick up one rune, and return to the north facing inwards before looking at it. Remember your rune, and place it into your right pocket. Close your eyes, and imagine your rune

floating above your head, large and pronounced, energetic and vibrant. Picture it as a woven yellow cluster of energy, suspended by all of the senses of your body. Chant it aloud, eyes still closed, still floating above you, and meditate on its meaning. You will carry your rune in your right pocket for Nine days, after which you may rejoin it with the rest of your rune set)

(Standing in the east, facing inwards, proclaim:)

It is the hour of recall. As the radiance of this ceremony fades let it remain as a light in my heart. May my memory hold what the eye and ear have gained.

(Facing outward south)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of fire, I thank the powers of the south.

(Facing outward east)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of air, I thank the powers of the east.

(Facing outward north)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of earth, I
thank the powers of the north.

(Facing outward west)

In the name of the Aria-Vril of the element of water, I
thank the powers of the west.

(Facing inward)

May the harmony of the land be complete.

*(Uncast the circle by moving your outstretched finger
counterclockwise, feel the circle being removed)*

(Standing in the east)

May the blessings of the Aria-Vril be always with me. I
declare this Ceremony of Reflection closed in the
apparent world. May its inspiration continue within my
Being.

CEREMONY OF PROVIDENCE

(The ceremonial space consists of a homemade wooden sun wheel (swastika), of any size, and two triangles large enough to stand in (one to the right facing away from the central point of the swastika, one to the left facing towards the central point). These triangles are only a few feet from where you'll be conducting the ritual and can be made from branches, sticks, rocks, or ropes of any kind. The triangles and Altar are to the west of the center, ceremony conducted facing east. The Altar (a large flat rock, homemade wooden shelf, or other flat surface) will be between you and the swastika, and you will be between the left and right triangles. Required is also a small vial of liquid mercury, and a sharp instrument to draw blood.)

(Begin ceremony from between triangles, facing Altar and sun wheel)

I will hereby present with care that I am wholly present and worthy to attend and perform the ritual during deliberation of this ceremony.

With careful decree, I respectfully declare that fully present am I worthy of the honor in attending and performing the sole deliberation of this ceremony.

My Providence, I invite you take your respective station within the sacred space and time of this ritual, and to position Thyself amidst me now.

Providence, arise and answer!

My Providence, I hold you in high esteem. You have been brought up to fill an important place in the affairs of this ceremony and to set an example within the Fibers of my Being of perfect observance of my oath and dutiful devotion to your great presence. Therefore, I ask that you accompany and invigorate me upon the discharge of every duty incumbent, both herein this ceremony and beyond, with upward mobility and forward moving dispatch, in efficiency and dignity. Preserve peace and observe due decorum with me, in my deliberation at this time, and preserve with honor in promoting and guarding well every interest of my Being, as an Aryan of Light, along my jaunt in the alien world hereafter.

My Providence, I hereby make ready!

I now prepare the sacred Altar!

(Place vial of mercury and blade, knife, or pin to draw blood from small cut later on Altar. Then approach fiery sun wheel in its place, and alight it.)

The sacred Altar is prepared, the fiery sun wheel illumines the ceremony.

The fiery sun wheel is the emblem of that sincere, united devotedness to the sacred purpose and principles of Providence.

My Providence, the meaning of the fiery sun wheel is that I pursue service in the betterment of ideals and principled Being, that among Men may I come to represent increase, truth, light, and rightedness.

I have hereby concentrated for my opening devotions.

I meet with gracious invite,
In this my sacred place,
To pledge anew my contract,

With heart sincere and straight,
A Fiber of faith in Man,
True Aryan of Light,
I will stand up united,
Forever brave and right.

Folk, Faith, Family and home,
Aryan I'll breath and thrive,
For my People and our land,
The Light of Aryan alive.

Here honor, love and justice
Must actuate my whole;
Before my sturdy Fibers,
All hate and strife shall fall.
In purpose I will labor,
Wherever I may roam,
To shield an Aryans welfare,
To his People and his home.

My Providence. I, as a Man, acknowledge my
dependence upon Thee and Thy loving kindness
towards me; May my gratitude be full and constant
and inspire me to walk in Thy ways.

Give me to know that each Man by the process of thought and conduct determines his own destiny, good or bad: May he forsake the bad and choose and strive for the good, remembering always that the living Vril is a Mans criterion of character.

Keep me in the blissful bonds of Fibrous union, of clanish fidelity one toward those similar, and of a devoted loyalty to this, my great permanence. Give me to know that the crowning glory of a Man is to serve. Harmonize my Fibers with sacred principles and purposes of my noble Being that I may keep my sacred oath inviolate, as Thou art my witness.

Bless those who attend the sacred principles and serve to mend the Fibers of Being at all times; Thy peace be in their hearts and homes.

Providence save our People! And help us to be a People worthy of existence on the earth. Keep ablaze in each Man's heart the sacred fire of a devoted conviction to our principle and its People.

I invoke Thy blessing upon my Being, Providence, and upon the official bearings of similar Beings within this

world, in the administrations of affairs pertaining to the Aryan Peoples of the Aria-Vril. Grant me wisdom and grace, and may each similar Mans heart be inclined towards one another the same in loving loyalty and unwavering devotion.

Oh, Providence! For Thy glory and my own well-being within its embrace I humbly ask these things in the name of They who came before to teach us to rise and triumph in the name of the Aria-Vril.

For the Folk, Faith, Family and home!

(Salute the fiery sun wheel)

My Providence: In the sacred cause I have hereby entered, I shalt be faithful unto death, as art Thou unto me in life; be ever bound toward my People; be clanish toward those similar to me; and be devoted to the Aria-Vril.

I now officially proclaim this ritual of Providence, within the Fibers of Being, upon the Light of Aryan, duly opened for communion with and unity upon the divine Natural Law.

Faithful Providence, may you now admit only qualified Men, worthy to commune within the embrace of the Aria-Vril, but guard ye well the first portal to this ceremony, and prevent all evil hearts from entry.

(Imagine portal opening perpendicular to the Altar and sun wheel, step through it, being conscious of it closing behind you.)

(Step back and walk around the outside of the triangles, Altar, and sun wheel in counterclockwise direction till back at the left triangle, and step into it, -the one pointing towards the sun wheel in the center-, facing center)

From the alien world have I come upon this place and time, daring to approach so near the entrance to the abode of the Aria-Vril, here am I seeking to advance with proof of worthiness.

I have called upon Providence with intent to pass from mundane existence into impenetrable Being, and again seek entrance to this shrine of the Aria-Vril, with steadfast dedication and deliberate repudiation of the alien world away from this ceremony.

(Walk clockwise around the sun wheel until standing in the right triangle, facing inward towards the sun wheel.)

Having appropriately requested entrance to this sacred space and time, and with gratitude for the permission I seek, and having thereby attained in honor of the warm embrace of the Aria-Vril, I pass from between the external world into the Fibers of Being granted.

(Move back to between the triangles, facing the Altar and the sun wheel.)

Faithful Providence, allow me to now convocate through you the committed formulation of my Fibers into Being.

Pursuant to my duty in seeking resilient abdication from the external world, I found the Aria-Vril. I having understood the motives of Nature and its Laws, and being prompted by upward mobility against the corrosive elements beyond Being, desire a nobler and bountiful life. In consequence I have made the

honorable decision to forsake the world of
compunction and contrition and dwell within the
delectable bounds of the Aria-Vril and to become a
loyal Light of Aryan the same.

Faithful Providence: This is indeed impenetrable proof,
and most rewarding to speak. Impenetrable proof, in
that it evidences human progress in isolate form away
from the herd; most rewarding, in that it reveals
through sincere appreciation of sacred mission among
Men and fidelity to duty a betterment of that progress.
My declaration is sound, firm, and true.

Providence, I have been ushered upon the desire for
development of Being, both inspired and assisted
upon the verdicts of the Aria-Vril, to become a worthy
entrant into the exiled womb of improvement and
advancement, of value and order, of darkened
reprieve wherein the Light may be upheld and
guarded. There are none in existence to whom I'd
grant an iota of validation for the purpose of serving as
barrier to my entrance from the external world into the
exiled womb of conception and birth.

Faithful Providence, it is upon and for you, and yet unto you still that the Aria-Vril are, have been, and will always be. Herein is the disposition of Providence by the Aria-Vril: It is the constant disposition of an entrant to assist those who aspire noble in thought and conduct, and to extend a helping hand to the worthy. That ones desires for development of Being are sincerely respected, is to one born of the Aria-Vril and exiled from the alien world, who resides within the abode of the Aria-Vril, a worthy and prudent motive in the light of justice and honor in Being. With true faith my virtuous hopes will ultimately ripen into sublime fruition.

(Step back and walk around the outside of the triangles, Altar, and sun wheel in counterclockwise direction till back at the left triangle, and step into it, -the one pointing towards the sun wheel-, facing center)

Faithful Providence, within the exiled womb, removed and whisked away from the clutches of the alien horde, isolate distinction is nary a burden to bear, but indeed a gift to garner and adorn, to saunter along the consecration of mutually preserved difference where

lies difference, and honored similarity where resides similarity. Such as are favored by the Aria-Vril are surely void of counterproductive pride and false ego, for within the cloak of Providence festers naught external conflict, agitation, or antagonization of sacred endeavor.

Therefore to avoid any misunderstanding and as evidence that I seek entrance from the external alien world into the exiled womb of conception and birth, voluntarily and forthrightly, and as proof that I intend to uphold and guard every integrity of Being within the warm embrace of the Aria-Vril, under the threat of dispellation otherwise, I shall hereby bind to bare forth the Nine Seals of Aryan. Am I to waver in regard to certainty in any of the ensuing, I shall cease immediately, and withdraw with honor:

1) The Races of Man are unlike to one another; Where resides equality, there prevails the Holy Seals against which the animals of this Kingdom on Earth signify is not the destiny of Man and his diverse Species. Hereby it is proclaimed upon the soils of that Beast within Man, that distinction and preservation are the

Highest of Laws, bound within and upon the First of these Nine Seals of Aryan.

2) Man and Woman of the Species are explicitly erogenous, formed of Natural components singular and distinct to one another in order to derive attraction, pleasure, and conquest for the survival and preservation of the Race. Where the Holy Seals will wrought upon the world efforts to summon equality from whenst none exists, dissolutionment of the mind and body, and destruction of secular autonomy, there does the Second of the Nine Seals of Aryan bind into the attraction of Man and Woman, the pleasures of sex, and the conquest of mating for survival, procreation, and preservation of the Race and Species.

3) Without strong foundations, no establishment will prosper, just as no seedling will reach fruition to produce anything other than poisoned fruit if planted within rotten soils. Therefore, within the firm anchors of Individualism, Culture, and Race are the corruptive elements of Altruism, Collectivism without boundaries, and Universalism to be rooted out and cast asunder. Where the Holy Seals are bountiful in the premise of

civil slavery, willful oppression, and exploitative servitude, the Third of the Nine Seals of Aryan is bound to the production and maintenance of strong links within the Race and Species.

4) Uncompromising strength and might is a virtue; Nary will ever surrender to defeat and submission to the confiscation of freedom reveal the most beneficial path forward. The steely mind of Man resides in reason and logic when centered upon and within the fortitude of strength, and body no less virile of might. Where the Holy Seals bemoan of surrender to weakness, submission to enemies, and defeat by emissaries of adversity alone, the Fourth of the Nine Seals of Aryan binds to Man, Family, and Tribe the verdicts of victory in the face of conflict.

5) Clarity, awareness, and order are the most resolute means to dispelling chaos; Dissolutionment of the sort that evokes and promulgates demoralization, destabilization, and crisis is a scourge among the herd mentalities of diversity and equitable society. Where the Holy Seals will swarm and devour to dispel power and sovereignty, the Fifth of the Nine Seals of Aryan raise to bind the Laws of Nature to the operations of

Man, within whom and about which are propagated structure and direction.

6) Knowledge, wisdom, and intellect are the caveat of strength, that without to guide forth furtively upon desired result of best outcome and effective interest are but conduits of chaos. Of experience, observation, and appropriately affixed stability between the objective and subjective universes are knowledge, wisdom, and intellect formed and upheld. Herein are conjured and consecrated the matters of Man and mind against which the Holy Seals will seek to constitute the de-evolution thereof, that bound within and upon the Sixth of these Nine Seals of Aryan are memory and purpose.

7) Material gain, frugality, and self-accreditation for accumulation of value are veritable clauses of Natural Law, the opportunity and expansion of which results in defensibility against authoritarianism, forced integration, and conformity. Affordability, sustainability, and preservation of value and worth are caveats to employing resistance and Separatism. Where the Holy Seals will serve to enslave and constrain through material controls, the Seventh of the Nine Seals of

Aryan bind herein the freedom of Man, Family, and Tribe through affordability of self reliance and obtainability.

8) Territorial imperative, total environment, and property possession are mandates of Natural Law; Any Man, Family, or Tribe which does not own their own space and land will perish under anothers occupation. Spacial dominion requites every necessity for provision, sustainability, and immediate empowerment of controlled condition. Where the Holy Seals will proclaim ownership of property a fallacy and self endowment a myth, the Eighth of the Nine Seals of Aryan will bind to Man, Family, and Tribe dominion of those soils within to dominion with those soils without.

9) Judaism, along with its political counterpart Zionism, are the progenitors of those desecrations to which Natural Law has long existed to guard and defend against. The fifty year Jubilee cycle is the greatest measure against Natural Law Judaism and Zionism have; It must be warned of and defended against. Where those Holy Seals will promulgate forth out of that Tribe of Judaism and Zionism, herein does this

conjunction of the Ninth of the Nine Seals of Aryan
bind resistance to and defiance of the theistic fervor
that Natures Law decrees is but Man himself.

(Left hand over heart, vial of mercury in right hand):

I, *(state full name)*, in presence of Providence and the
Aria-Vril, most solemnly pledge, promise and swear
unconditionally that I will obey Natural Law and will
willingly conform to exile from the external alien world,
the herds and hordes of corruption, and dissenters of
righted endeavor, which do now exist or which may
hereafter become, and so will render at all times loyal
respect and steadfast support to Providence the
same, and will heartily heed all mandates, decrees,
edicts, rulings and instructions of the true Being
thereof. I will yield prompt response to all summonses,
I having knowledge the same, Providence alone
preventing.

I most solemnly swear that I will forever keep sacredly
secret my covert entrance into the concealed exiled
womb of conception and birth, and any and all other
matters and knowledge of the Aria-Vril, regarding
which a most rigid secrecy must be maintained, that

may not at any time be revealed beyond the confines of Providence operating within, upon, and through me, in my obligatory duties to uphold my oath, and unless I know for certain that any such person is a confirmed Being of the Aria-Vril, in good and regular standing, and not even then unless it be for the best interest of Providence.

I most sacredly vow and positively swear that I will never yield to bribe, flattery, threats, passion, punishment, persecution, persuasion nor any enticements whatever coming from or offered by any person or persons, male or female, for the purpose of obtaining from me secret or secret information of my entrance. I will die rather than divulge same so help me Providence.

(Place vial back on Altar. Remove hand from heart)

The distinguishing marks of Providence are not found in the threads of Mans garments or his social or financial standing, but are of his Being; namely an unenslaved head, an undefiled heart, a prudent tongue and a courageous will. Entirely devoted to his improvement, his advancement, his home and his

Nature; these are the distinguishing marks of Providence, oh, Faithful Ones! And I claim the marks.

I, in full and assenting understanding, hereby acknowledge and affirm that were I or any other entrant proven to be an oath-breaker, we would be immediately banished in disgrace from Providence without fear or favor, and be tenaciously tormented by conscious shame, wherein remorse would repeatedly revile and purge the Being, and whereby direful things would befall dispellation.

Faithful Providence, I speak the truth. An Entrant speaketh the truth in and from his heart. A lying scoundrel may wrap his disgraceful frame within the sacred folds of Providence's robe and attempt to deceive the very elect, but only a true Entrant possesses the mind of Providence and the heart of Providence.

With mind and heart, I, an Entrant into the exiled womb from the external alien world, ask to be welcomed and the way to open for myself to attain the most noble achievement in my earthly career. I will be faithful unto death and all will be well and my reward

will be sure. Noble Providence, having genuinely asked and rejected any possible justification not to proceed, I pass from the external alien world once again with intent and gratitude.

(Walking clockwise head back around the sun wheel and return to the right triangle, facing the sun wheel)

Providence, sense my fervent longing for exile from the external world into the womb of conception and birth, and accompany me on my journey into the abode of the Aria-Vril. Make ready!

Providence give us Men! The Light of Aryan demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands. Men who the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will; Men who have honor; Men who will not lie; Men who can stand before a demagogue and damn his treacherous flatteries without winking! Tall Men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog in public duty and in private thinking; For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds, their large professions and their little deeds, mingle in selfish strife, Lo! Freedom

weeps, wrong rules the land and waiting justice sleeps.

Providence give us Men! Men who will serve not for tainted booty, but real Men, courageous, who flinch not at duty; Men of dependable character; Men of sterling worth; Then wrongs will be redressed, and right will rule the earth; Providence give us Men!

Lo and behold, Providence has called unto me to be just such a Man, standing without second portal into Entrancy and Exile, just beyond the inner sanctum of the Aria-Vril, between the external world and the inner sanctuary, but desiring the lofty honor of Being therein, and ready and willing to unflinchingly face every duty on me imposed.

As the second portal of this ceremony is being opened, my righteous intent has been answered and I have found favor in the sight of Providence and the Aria-Vril.

I thank you, Providence, for allowing me entrance in quest of Being, wherein even the exiled must keep an eye of scrutiny upon all matters of all sorts pertaining

to Entrancy, that if any should flinch at duty or become a cowardly weakling or a treacherous scalawag, at this time or in the future, it will be a sworn duty to dispel the culprit from the portal without fear or favor, and to do so without delay: Be I not recreant to duty's demands!

Pass I through the portal, into the exiled womb of conception and birth.

(Picture the portal between the two triangles, perpendicular to the first portal and in a place you must pass through to return to the Altar. It should visually be a tic tac symbol in your mind where the two portals meet, but not many pass through the second portal. Step through it, returning to Altar, stand several feet away)

From whenst I've come shall I never return the same, an Entrant into the exiled womb, whom the eye of the unknown hath seen and hath constantly observed, but doth .

I am a Man, as the Aria-Vril and a time like this demands; a Man of strong mind, great heart, true

vigilance and ready hands. Worthy Entrant known and vouched for by Providence, and by the Laws of Nature, I, an Entrant into the exiled womb pass on to the sacred Altar.

(Step up to Altar)

Providence, I present myself, fully emboldened and thoroughly ennobled of intent to embrace welcome within the exiled womb, as a Man of dependable character and courage, who aspires to the noble life and the high honor of Being in the Light of Aryan. It is indeed refreshing to meet here and now, unencumbered by the external alien world, as a Man whom conception and birth await in anticipation, actuated by upward and forward motives, aspiring to all things noble for myself, my folk, my faith, my family and my home.

The lustre of the light of increase had lost its former glory and was sadly dimmed by the choking dust of external entanglement in the alien worlds sordid illusion. Pass I on from the taint and tarnish with gratitude and honor.

Real asylum from alienation, by shameful neglect of boundaried limitation, had been starved until so weak its voice was lost in the courts of its own castle, and it passed unnoticed by its sworn subjects as it moved along the crowded streets and through the din of the market place. Mans valuation of Man was by the standard of weakness and not worth, controversion was the festive banner among humankind, and multitudes forgot honor, justice, love and Providence and every faithful conviction to do homage to it, and yet with the cruel heart of false pride it slaughtered the well-being of thousands of its devotees daily. Pass I on through the meandering morsels of murky madness, unscathed and upright.

The unsatiated thirst for moral conversion had dethroned reason and judgment in the citadel of the human Being, and Men maddened thereby, had forgotten their principled, resolutionary and forthright obligations and duties, and fiendishly argued and boasted for a place in the favor of the hegemony of trickery and deceit; they starved their own sanctuaries, and made a mockery of Vrilian development and improvement. Pass I on from the corpse of false ego within the exiled womb of conception and birth.

(Left hand over heart, mercury in right hand):

I, *(state full name)*, before Providence, in presence of this mysterious Light of Aryan, promise and swear that I will diligently guard and faithfully foster every interest of the Aria-Vril and will maintain my integrity, honor and dignity.

I swear that I will never reveal to any person the secrets of my entrance into the exiled womb, nor be of unsound mind, bad reputation, doubtful character, or questionable loyalty to my bonds herein.

I swear that I will determinedly maintain peace and harmony in all deliberations of Providence and in all assemblies of the Aria-Vril, and of any passage I have traversed thereof.

I swear that I will most strenuously discourage corruption and unprincipled motives on the part of myself or any Man.

I swear that I will never allow personal friendship, blood, or family relationship, nor personal, political, or

professional prejudice, malice, nor ill will to influence me in performing to the best of my ability and capacity the best interests of Entrancy into the exiled womb of conception and birth, Providence being my helper.

I swear that I will be faithful in defending and protecting my home, reputation, and physical and business interest, as well as those similar to me, Providence alone excepting.

I swear that I will keep secure to myself any and all secrets of the exiled womb, as the same is committed to me in the sacred bond of Providence, no crime of violating this solemn oath excepted.

I swear that I will never allow any animosity, friction, nor ill will to arise and remain between myself and the Aria-Vril, but will be constant in my efforts to promote real Providence among those similar to me.

I swear that I will most zealously and valiantly shield and preserve by any and all justifiable means and methods the sacred exiled womb, and the privileges of private schooling, free speech, free press, separation of church and state, liberty, White Supremacy and

Separatism, just authority, and the pursuit of happiness, survival, and well-being against any encroachment of any nature by any person or persons, political party or parties, religious sect or people, native, naturalized or foreign, of any race, color, creed, lineage or tongue whatsoever, for myself and any and all similar to me.

All to which I have sworn by this oath, I will seal with my blood, be Thou my witness, Almighty Providence.

(Place vial back on Altar with cork removed, and pick up knife, blade, or pin. Draw blood, and place drop in vial of mercury, careful not to allow mercury into wound.)

Faithful Providence, I, the worthy Entrant at the sacred Altar of the Aria-Vril has voluntarily assumed, without mental reservation the solemn and thrice binding Oath of Allegiance to Providence, as a Light of Aryan, and am preparing to make dedication to the hidden service of my Folk, Faith, Family, and home.

Mortal Men cannot assume a more binding oath; character and courage alone shall enable me to keep

it. I shall always remember that to keep this oath means honor, happiness and life; but to violate it means disgrace, dishonor and death. May honor, happiness and life be mine.

(Holding up the vial of mercury)

With this consecrated, life-giving, powerful Providence-induced fluid, more precious and far more significant than all the sacred oils of the ancients, I set myself apart from the Men and women of my daily association to the great and honorable task I have voluntarily allotted myself as a Being of Aria-Vril, along my strides of entrance into the exiled womb of conception and birth.

As a confirmed Entrant may my character be as consecrated, my life purpose as powerful, my motive in all things as magnanimous and as pure, and my secret unity as real and as faithful as the manifold drops herein, and may I as a vital Being as useful to my own advancement, development, and well-being, as well as to those similar to me, as is pure Providence to the Aria-Vril.

(Kneel on right knee)

To Thee, oh, Providence I call to Thee-
True to my oath, oh, help me be!
I've pledged my love, my blood, my all;
Oh, give me grace that I not fall.

In the presence of the fiery sun wheel which by its
vibrant and brilliant light shines upon, in, and through
me to bless and ensure with its sacred traditions of the
past, I dedicate myself in body, in mind, in Vril and in
life, to the bonds of service within the folds of the
exiled womb of conception and birth, to my Folk, Faith,
Family and home, and to the Fibers of my Being upon
betterment and progress.

(A few drops on my back)

In Body

(A few drops on my head)

In Mind

(A few drops tossed up into the air)

In Vril

(Hand in horizontal circular motion on head)

And in Life

Thus dedicated myself, I now consecrate my Being within the exiled womb to the cause I have entered.

(Stand up)

Providence of all, author of all good: Thou that didst create Man and so proposed that Man should fill a distinct place and perform a specific work in the prudence of Thy good Nature, Thou has revealed Thyself and Thy purpose to me, as have I to Thee, and by this revelation I shall learn my place and my work. Therefore, I have solemnly dedicated myself as a full-fledged Entrant to that sublime work harmonic with Thy will and purpose in my creation.

Now, oh, Providence! I, through Thy rightedness, have here dedicated with Thine own divinely distilled fluid commingled with my own Life-Force, at the Altar kneeling, and have proved myself moved by worthy motives and impelled by noble initiatives to turn from the external world of alien impulses, and to espouse with body, mind, Vril and life, the committed service of my Folk, Faith, Family, and home, and the Aria-Vril. I beseech Thee to embrace me with the fullness of Thy greatness, keeping me safe within my sacred entrance

into the exiled womb, true to the solemn oath of noble cause, and ever compelled by the glory of Thy great name.

The sacred purpose of this concentrated working of the Aria-Vril at this time has been fulfilled; I have entered into the exiled womb of conception and birth, wrought into Being upon the great Providence of the Aria-Vril, and having been shorn from the external alien world am hereby prepared to ascertain what lays ahead. Full in knowledge that it is by the discharge of duty in the faithful keeping of my oath that I preserve my honor, the immaculate truth has been spoken, and shall be adorned as crown forth.

May the blessings of Providence wait upon me and the sun of glory shine around my head; May the motives of plenty, honor, and happiness be always open to me and mine, so far as my Being will not be robbed of eternal joys.

May no strife disturb my days, nor sorrow distress my nights, and when death shall summons my departure, may the blood of Providence have washed me from all impurities, perfected my initiation, and thus prepared,

enter me into the exiled womb of rebirth, wherein
reposed my Fibers in perpetual peace.

To you, Faithful Providence, good day and good night.

CEREMONY OF PRINCIPALITIES

(This ceremonial space consists of a central mound of earthen soil, with an Altar of stone or wood to the west, and a triangle facing outward within a square to the north, big enough to stand in. Required is also a small vial of purified salt, and a sharp instrument to draw blood.)

(Beginning at the Altar, facing inward)

Under the fervent enfolds of the Light of Aryan and the Vril of Being, consummate are the Fibers of the Flesh; being endowed and endorsed within the exiled womb of conception and birth, seek I descent upon the Sacred Limbs of mortal substance and vital matter.

The Light of Aryan know I, and in being so informed am as the emanations of the flame which shields the substance of the body from the bitterness of the alien world of frigid frost, or the bite of the parasite seeking host to devour.

And of the Vril of Being, whose air is the very Life-Force within the exiled womb of conception and

birth, am I familiar and grateful; breathe I often and deeply of the liveliness of abundance from my sacred sanctuary.

The Principalities of the Flesh are as Nine Sacred Limbs upon which the Aria-Vril have crafted into the Natures of Man a means to ascend and descend; Men, whom having become Entrants into the exiled womb of conception and birth, and having been cloaked with the shrouds of the Light of Aryan, may be strengthened and empowered of the Fibers of the Spear.

I hereby invoke Thee, Principalities of the Flesh, and do veritably proclaim with discrimination and jurisprudence that I seek Thy guidance upon my descent into the Spear; that within and upon Thy veil of Principalities, under which ennobled Thy shroud of Being, between which vital and vigorous Thy cloak of Providence; and having been shorn from the external alien world into the exiled womb of conception and birth, may I be uplifted and promulgated forth upon the development and advancement of favorable administrations of the Aria-Vril, in honor and gratitude.

I now make prepared the Altar.

(Place vial of salt, (optional) along with sharp instrument to draw blood on Altar)

Man is the vessel of Providence, just as Principalities of the Flesh are the vessel of Man; wert Man any less than Being, as wert the Light of Aryan any less than his Center, then the salt of the earth wilt have withered from the body of existence long ago. As I have prepared this Altar, so shalt I be prepared and dedicated unto the Aria-Vril, Providence willing.

The Aria-Vril are as mighty Fibers of the Being, to be adorned and worn as a cloak against the compulsory and corruptive plights of the external alien world; wherein their embrace is altogether an eternal victory in every moment and morsel which is willfully entered into the exiled womb of conception and birth, to live and breath forth within Principalities of the Flesh.

I hereby declare that fully committed am I worthy of Thy cloak, great Principalities, and as sure as Providence is my compass am I absolute in my convictions to descend Thy Sacred Limbs; to honor,

strengthen, and defend my oath to the Aria-Vril; to foster and develop worthy character within the Fibers of my Being, and to wield the Spear of Principle Flesh within the Kingdom of Forms as a Crown upon a Nation.

(Pick up vial of salt)

I now consecrate this finely-powdered, Principality-purified salt of the earth to the substance of Being; to the earthen soil is bound the Aria-Vril just as to the bone, marrow, and Flesh of the body is hereby bound this briny preservative of the elemental world within the exiled womb of conception and birth.

Fibers of Being, unto Thee flows my Life-Force, through this offering; with blood do I comingle in Thy salt of the saline earth.

(Place vial on Altar with cork off) ((optional) pickup instrument and make small cut, and place droplets in vial of salt)

Into the well of Being, into Principalities of the Flesh.

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till standing in triangle facing mound)

(With small amount of salt from vial on right index finger, tap salt on pubic mound, working imperceptibly into the Flesh underneath, while saying:)

Of the Flesh of the Pubic Mound has the whole of Man been drawn and wrought into Being. The Fundamental Principle of birth and death, of blood and soil, and of ancestral plight upon continuation and survival is remnant of the honor that descendants hold for the cycle of the Aria-Vril. Nary is there a Man, woman, or child upon the precipice of existence which has naught a stake upon the Sacred Limb of Lineage. Guard ye worthy of preservation, ongoing and generational fortitude, and imperishable fruits of Thy loins against the treachery of broken bloodlines, the betrayal of

lovers and mates, and the peril of death everlasting in immortal attire.

(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar, facing center again.)

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till standing in triangle facing mound)

(With small amount of salt from vial on right index finger, tap salt on left shoulder, working imperceptibly into the Flesh, while saying:)

Of the Flesh of the Left Shoulder has the plight of Man to perfect the working of observance to Natural Law and organic structure been ever sought and continually constructed. The Eternal Order of folk and tribe, of peoples and nation, of kind unto kind in the brine of Being is the declaration of purpose that

begets meaning and condition which upholds ideal within the Kingdom of the Aria-Vril. The bearing of lifes embrace as is constructed within and upon existence orchestrates that the objective universe sans Mans alterations is the observance of the Sacred Limb of Fate. Guard ye worthy of truth and prestige, of discipline and harmony against the fraught turmoils which surmount those who neglect adherence to preservation of difference, observance of distinction, and love of peace.

(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar, facing center again.)

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till standing in triangle facing mound)

(With small amount of salt from vial on left index finger, tap salt on right shoulder, working imperceptibly into the Flesh, while saying:)

Of the Flesh of the Right Shoulder are the Divine Wills of determinism in Men measured by vanquishment of the very forces of opposition which would requite conflict, combat, and irreconcilable antithesis. The Victory in Battle upon which Man raises triumphant over enemy and foe, in rhetoric, ideal, action, and condition is the conquest of resistance and the resolve by which Crowns of the Aria-Vril are adorned. Within every outcome is the striving upon which it is sought, in so that the cause derives the proper effect upon the Sacred Limb of Strength. Guard ye worthy of courage and bravery, of a firm hand upon the self-regulating control of success against the usurpers of thy greatest measure in the outcome of absolute supremacy and complete favor, that in utter defeat and total annihilation lie those whom would seek to castrate thee from self and sovereign, and from folk and home.

(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar, facing center again.)

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till standing in triangle facing mound)

(With small amount of salt from vial on right index finger, tap salt on heart, working imperceptibly into the Flesh, while saying:)

Of the Flesh of the Heart are the homes and families of the Folk crafted and enhanced within the embrace of mystical marriage between Man and woman. The Supreme Beauty which binds Man to woman and woman to Man in the sacred womb of honor and integrity, of trust and mutual interest, and of compatible comingling is as profound of necessity to the survival imperative as service to the creation of a quality product is for the happiness of the Aria-Vril. Imperishable is the forthright endeavor upon elegant seduction and charm, conquest and capture of an ideal and suitable mate upon the Sacred Limb of Love.

Guard ye worthy of companionship and compatriotism,
of inhabitation among the lustrous folds of humanic
compounds against rebellion from the traditions and
customs which have served the perpetuation of Man
through every form and function of sedition known and
unknown alike.

*(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar,
facing center again.)*

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into
Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous
substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the
salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by
the Natures of the Flesh.

*(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till
standing in triangle facing mound)*

*(With small amount of salt from vial on left index finger,
tap salt on right hand, working imperceptibly into the
Flesh, while saying:)*

Of the Flesh of the Right Hand are the reason and
logic of measurement weighed and properly

proportioned for the maintenance of balance. The Justice which returns in kind blight for the cankerous and favor to the even-handed is the scale upon which the rite of preservation and advancement are consecrated in the Aria-Vril. In accordance of Natural Law are right and wrong, good and bad, and more or less accounted upon the Sacred Limb of Judgment. Guard ye worthy of good treatment and recourse against the unprincipled motion of anger and resentment, that vengeance rests unrestrained and unburdened within the perfection of deliverance unto deservance.

(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar, facing center again.)

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till standing in triangle facing mound)

(With small amount of salt from vial on right index finger, tap salt on left hand, working imperceptibly into the Flesh, while saying:)

Of the Flesh of the Left Hand is the brilliance shining within the corners of lifes trevails which leads to the morsels of gracious wonder and illuminated insights along the way. The Magnificent Mercy which deliberates and determines the means against which excess, delimitation, and transference are castrated asunder is the same integral prowess by which the waters neither flood, nor evaporate, nor drown, nor surrender to drought under the rays of the Aria-Vril. To know thy greatness is to respect thy limitation, that within the exercise of moderation to degree, modulation of factors, and consummation with resolve radiates the Sacred Limb of Clarity. Guard ye worthy of loyalty, allegiance and fealty against the superfluous blight of dense severity, that effect does not exceed cause, nor that motion seeks grossly upon darkened reprieves in blind reason.

(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar, facing center again.)

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till standing in triangle facing mound)

(With small amount of salt from vial on right index finger, tap salt on back of neck, working imperceptibly into the Flesh, while saying:)

Of the Flesh of the Spine are the remnants of the rungs the foot have set upon reflected and hung from the currents of a pool of primordial surge. The Understanding has within its conscious plight the embrace of memory and intellect, which enshrine it against the counter-tides of confusion and disillusionment, inturn setting the strides of theory, initiative, and conception upon the Aria-Vril. Bore forth is any actionable pursuit of desired conclusion from the flowing emergence of the Sacred Limb of Inception. Guard ye worthy of precision in moderation, development of form, and structured patternings

against the intemperate scourge seeking to devour
and consume limitation within contentment and
complacency.

*(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar,
facing center again.)*

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into
Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous
substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the
salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by
the Natures of the Flesh.

*(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till
standing in triangle facing mound)*

*(With small amount of salt from vial on right index
finger, tap salt on throat, working imperceptibly into the
Flesh, while saying:)*

Of the Flesh of the Word are the spires of dialect
formed and the sanctum of inner communication
constructed. The Inspirational Wisdom of both spoken
and unspoken syntax is to the body what the
infrastructure of society is to the nation, whose means

and modes of activity are the bearing forth of fruitful production and provision upon the Aria-Vril. Within the shrine of linguistics and language are contained the flowing currents of existence suspended upon the Sacred Limb of History. Guard ye worthy of communion with self and others, of accurate portrayal, and pursuit of perspective against the senses of an impregnable material misalignment, compulsory falseties, and reinforcement of counterproductive pride and hollow ego.

(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar, facing center again.)

Descendest I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

(Carry vial around center mound counterclockwise till standing in triangle facing mound)

(With small amount of salt from vial on right index finger, tap salt on forehead, working imperceptibly into the Flesh, while saying:)

Of the Flesh of the Forehead are the fabrics of Being woven into cohesion and unity, whereof and upon are conducted the motives and motions of every part and parcel into deliberate orchestration. The Objectivity which strides with purpose and will power amidst externalities in precise disposition is as the operator who directs with experience, observation, instinct and sensory capabilities the objects under his design, that within the framework at his disposal are built up the Aria-Vril. All motions, modicums, means and vehicles of effect, influence, and stimulation are of devaluation, deconstruction, and de-evolution when wrought into existence without the adornment of the crown of the Sacred Limb of Intelligence. Guard ye worthy of mobility within limitation, cognitive formulation, and sensorial reconciliation against overt cognitive dissonance, solipsism, and excessive subversion, that perpetual motivation upon unrest does not satiate itself on the marrow of contentment in the throes of entropic subjugation.

(Walk clockwise around center mound back to Altar, facing center again.)

Descendedst have I from Flesh, upon the Sacred Limbs, into Principalities of the Aria-Vril, as that the Fibrous substance of the body wilt have become as endowed by the salt of the earth, as the salt of the earth is endowed by the Natures of the Flesh.

Wield I the Spear, within the Fibers of the Being, in honor of the Aria-Vril and striven upon the Sacred Limbs unto the Flesh as to the existence of Man is the salt of the earth to the soil, ocean, and blood of the body.

Cleansed and purified, preserved and cloaked am I in the power and resolve of Principalities and Providence; May the Aria-Vril keep me safe and grounded upon any and every measure of distance, within any and every balance of axis, and unto any and every means of motion; Shall my descent never be washed free of my place within the exiled womb of conception and birth, from whenst to ascend is the sole recourse.

Here have I come, so shalt I go and return the same,
bearing forth the Spear, and pronouncing unto
existence itself that I am, was, and will continue to be,
Providence willing.

I now declare this ceremony closed. May its
inspirations continue in my Being.

CEREMONY OF BEING

(This ceremony consists of an Altar of stone or wood in the south, a fire in the center, some loose sulfur and a chalice with sulfur induced water. Also, an instrument to draw blood.)

(Facing outward east, say:)

I call upon the Aria-Vril of the east, and invoke Thy illuminating rays of the rising sun and the new day, that the air of a new beginning may envelope and harness me in Thy stride.

(Turn to face inward, and sensing the powers of east flow into the center of your circle, say:)

Turn I here a new page, to begin a new chapter.

(Cross circle till standing in west facing outwards, and say:)

I call upon the Aria-Vril of the west, and invoke Thy healing currents of the nourishing depths, that the

waters of tides flowing about me may direct me upon
the calm and clear course of peace.

*(Turn to face inward, and sensing the powers of west
flow into the center of your circle, say:)*

Flow I here the course of contemplation, drifting along
Thy stream.

(Move to north facing outward, and say:)

I call upon the Aria-Vril of the north, and invoke Thy
firm hand of guidance and inspirited foundations, that
the earthen soil of solid bearings may be ever planted
under my feet, heart, and mind.

*(Turn to face inward, and sensing the powers of north
flow into the center of your circle, say:)*

Land I here the sturdy march, Thy pillar of strength.

(Cross to south facing outward, and say:)

I call upon the Aria-Vril of the south, and invoke Thy
fierce hand of refinement and forge, that the fire of an

incinerating gust may carry me upon Thy form and fashion.

(Turn to face inward, and sensing the powers of south flow into the center of your circle, say:)

Tame I here the flame of passion, cave of unbound fusion.

(Turn facing outward towards south)

Hereby do I proclaim that along my path to be here have I passed into the exiled womb of conception and birth, and having passed into the exiled womb of conception and birth do I further declare that I have descended the Sacred Limbs to behold the Spear.

In the name of Providence has my oath been entered and upheld; dutiful devotion flows through me, and upon the Spear are the Principalities of the Flesh, the Aria-Vril, and Fibers of the Sacred Limbs of Mortal Conception my ever embracing companions and compatriots.

I return once again to the portal and pass through with certainty and conviction, that no burden of fear or doubt, nor negligence of duty will prevent me from entrance.

The portal is hereby opened; therein do I pass.

(Imagine portal opens to the south, step through, facing south)

Within the very centre of the exiled womb of conception and birth do I come upon the seat of Providence once again, accompanied by the Principalities of the Spear, and seeking to commune with forge and fire of Being.

Guarded well is the portal; stern and stout am I in my deliberation of Being within the embrace of the Aria-Vril.

(Turn to center, draw small amount of blood from finger or hand, let droplets fall both upon loose sulfur mound and into chalice, while saying:)

Light of Aryan, Thou art the Force of Being whose shadow befalls darkness, whose flame burns fire, and whose safety secures sovereignty itself; with Thou I am but a vexation upon a curse, rest upon the weary, and a cleansing ray upon sunshine; be Thou both abolition and containment, destruction and circumscription, defiance and bulwark.

(Toss half of loose sulfur into fire, pick up chalice and turn to face outward south)

I invoke Thy brilliance, oh Light of Aryan, wherein shalt enraptured from the backbiting of parasites and emancipated from the suppressive divergence of false lords and frail ladies I may ever raise up Thy fortress upon my Being and cast asunder all wayward winds.

(Drink from chalice, turn to face inward, return chalice to Altar)

May Thy Brimstone burn away all wounds, strengthen all defenses, and smite all which would seek to raise against me; Mighty Brimstone, castrate seed from root, root from trunk, and trunk from limb of any whose motives are to infiltrate and deceive, whom would

revel in the contorted, misshapen impositions,
advancements, and attacks against me; grant me
solace in Thy safeguarding, wisdom in Thy
observance, strength in Thy fortress, and warm
embrace within your need-fire.

*(Toss remaining loose sulfur into fire, turn to face
outward, and sensing the powers of the south
departing your circle, say:)*

I thank the Aria-Vril of the south!

*(Repeat for the north, then west, and finally east, but
remain stationed in the south, just rotating to face
each direction as you thank them.)*

(Return focus to the center and say:)

The portal is hereby closed, and this ceremony is
complete. May its inspirations continue on within my
Being.